THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 174, No. 3 — ***Philadelphia, July 20, 1901*** — **Five Cents the Copy**

Copyright, 1901, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, In the United States and Great Britain. Published Weekly at 625 Arch St. London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk St., Strand, W. C. Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

PROPERTY OF S.E.D. SOCIETY

How many Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

are interested in that Tragic Fight between Gen. Custer and the Indians in 1876, where more than 200 soldiers, including Custer himself, were slain.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Send me SIX CENTS and refer to this advertisement and I will send you WONDERLAND 1901 which gives the story of the BATTLE.

CHAS. S. FEE, GEN. PASS. AGENT, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Visit Yellowstone Park on your outing this summer.

Young Men

YOU ARE ADVISED TO

Investigate Endowment Life Insurance

It enables you to save money regularly.

You are absolutely certain of full returns for the money invested. It permits you to live more closely to your income, because: Those dependent upon you are certain of protection if the insured dies.

Fill out this slip and send to us.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of endowment policies.

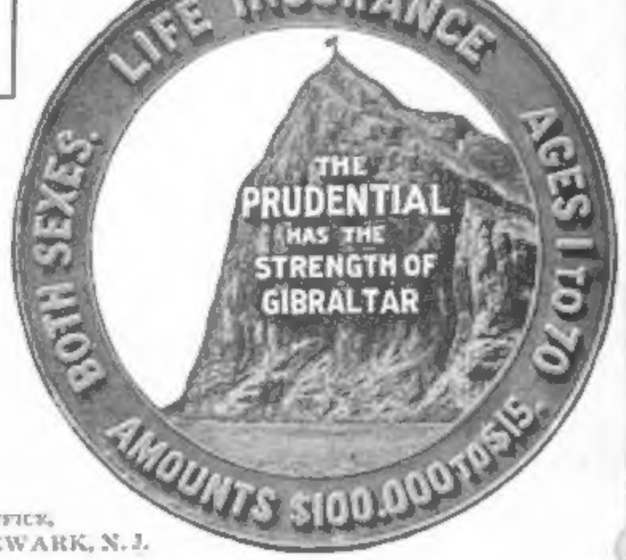
For $ ..... *Age* .....

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

DEPT. M



The Prudential

Insurance Company of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, PRESIDENT.

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

MELCHER'S ShowerYoke

YOU NEED PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT. Office men, literary and professional people and others who lead sedentary lives, a daily Shower Bath is now possible in every home with Melchers' Shower Yoke. It is recognized by all the best authorities as the greatest and best aid in both mental and physical development. **You Need It.** It builds nerve and muscle; keeps the body in prime condition; fits you for your day's work. It is the only appliance giving all the health benefits in the mechanical use of water. The good effects of your tub or vapor bath are doubled if followed by a tonic shower.

Sent anywhere on receipt of **$4.00.** Express Prepaid East of the Mississippi River. Try it 30 days. If not perfectly satisfactory return it at our expense and your money back. *Sent Free, Dr. Melchers' great book of 50 pages, Series No. 12, "Shower Baths in Health and Sickness."*

THE MEILINK MFG. CO., Specialty Mfrs., Toledo, Ohio

LEARN TO WRITE "ADS" — Page-Davis ADVERTISING SCHOOL — LEARN TO WRITE "ADS"

This is the original Chicago Adv. School.

These Faces Mean Something!

They are the faces of four of the scores of our graduates now employed in every English-speaking country in the world. They mean that we can show results. What do you care what we personally look like? It's what we can do for you! It means that our system of instruction is not an experiment. Be ambitious—earn from $25.00 to $75.00 a week. Our system is simple—our instruction is personal—our criticisms are private and individual. Your spare moments employed in this pleasant, profitable and modern work will make you a better fitted man to win the business battle. No business to-day presents a brighter prospect than that of advertising—this knowledge stands for commercial success. Our large free "prospectus" tells everything—sent on request.

PAGE-DAVIS CO. (Incorporated 1899)
Suite 18, 167 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

W. C. WOOD, Adelaide, Australia.

GEO. A. WRIGHT, Brockville, Ont.

WILL M. BLACK, San Jose, Cal.

FRANK S. FULLER, Hartford, Conn.

Two More Proofs

"I have accepted the position of Ad-man for Messrs. Lay & Layman, of Kewanee—I have faith in your words—'We will stand right back of you.'"—GEO. A. WRIGHT.

"I have been so favorably impressed with the great advantage of your system of Ad-instruction that I thought to call attention to the matter. I honestly believe a course in your admirable school would prove of invaluable worth to the public, from the pulpit to the press or author."—HORACE C. DALE.

"You catch them EVERY TIME"

WITH A

GOERZ LENS

No Shutter is Too Fast

These cuts will certainly dispel any doubt you might entertain as to the speed of the

GOERZ DOUBLE ANASTIGMAT LENSES

These Lenses can be fitted to Pocket, Folding Cartridge Kodaks and other Cameras. For Prices, Circulars, etc., apply to your dealer, or to the C. P. GOERZ OPTICAL WORKS, 52 E. Union Square, New York.

Chester SUSPENDERS

ARE WORN BY

CAREFUL DRESSERS

They're handsome, durable, sensible, and as comfortable and effective after long wear as when new. The Chester at 50 cents is the best at any price, though we have cheaper models for a quarter.

All are Guaranteed

CHESTER SUSPENDER COMPANY
8 Decatur Avenue, Roxbury, Mass. Branch Factory, Brockville, Ont.

They Stretch Only When You Do, And Do Not Lose Their Stretch As Others Do

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1901, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The Path Master

An Evangel of the Forest

By Robert W. Chambers

—he found that youthful official reshingling his barn

"The bankrupt can always pay one debt, but neither God nor man can credit him with the payment."

I

WHEN Dingman, the fat Game Warden, came panting over the mountain from Spencers' to confer with young Byram, Road Master at Foxville, he found that youthful official reshingling his barn.

The two men observed each other warily for a moment: Byram jingled the shingle-nails in his apron pocket; Dingman, the Game Warden, took a brief but intelligent survey of the premises, which included an unpainted house, a henyard and the barn.

"Hello, Byram," he said at length.

"Is that you?" replied Byram coldly.

He was a law-abiding young man; he had not shot a bird out of season for three years.

After a pause the Game Warden said: "Ain't you a-comin' down off 'n that ridge-pole?"

"I'm a-comin' down when I quit shinglin'," replied the Road Master cautiously. Dingman waited; Byram fitted a shingle, fished out a nail from his apron pocket, and drove it with unnecessary noise.

The encircling forest reëchoed the hammer's strokes; a squirrel scolded from the orchard.

"Didn't I hear a gun go off in them alder bushes this morning?" inquired the Game Warden. Byram made no reply, but hammered violently. "Anybody got a ice house 'round here?" persisted the Game Warden.

Byram turned a non-committal eye on the Warden.

"I quit that business three years ago, an' you know it," he said. "I ain't got no ice house for to hide no pa'tridges, an' I ain't a-shootin' out o' season for the Saratogy market!"

The Warden regarded him with composure.

"Who said *you* was shootin' pa'tridges?" he asked. But Byram broke in:

"What would I go shootin' them birds for when I ain't got no ice box?"

"Who says *you* got a ice box?" replied the Warden calmly. "There is other folks in Foxville, ain't there?"

Byram grew angrier. "If you want to stop this shootin' out o' season," he said, "you go to them rich hotel men in Saratogy. Are you afraid jest because they've got a pull with them politicians that makes the game laws and then pays the hotel men to serve 'em game out o' season an' *reason*? Them's the men to ketch; them's the men that set the poor men to vi'latin' the law. Folks here ain't got no money to buy powder 'n' shot for to shoot nothin'. But when them Saratogy men offers two dollars a bird for pa'tridge out o' season, what d'ye think is bound to happen?"

"Shootin'," said the Warden sententiously. "An' it's been did, too. An' I'm here for to find out who done that shootin' in them alders."

"Well, why don't you find out, then?" sneered young Byram from his perch on the ridge-pole.

"That's it," said the Warden bitterly; "all you folks hang together like bees in a swarm-bunch. You're nothin' but a passel o' critters that digs ginsing for them Chinees an' goes gunnin' for pa'tridges out o' season——"

"I'll go gunnin' for *you!*" shouted Byram, climbing down the ladder in a rage; "I am going to knock your head off, you darned thing!"

Prudence halted him; the Game Warden, who had at first meditated flight, now eyed him with patronizing assurance.

"Don't git riled with me, young man," he said. "I'm a 'ficial of this State. Anyway it ain't you I'm lookin' for——"

"Well, why don't you say so, then?" broke in Byram with an oath.

"But it's one o' your family," added the Warden.

"My family!" stammered Byram in genuine surprise. Then an ugly light glimmered in his eyes. "You mean Dan McCloud?"

"I do," said the Warden, "an' I'm fixed to git him, too."

"Well, what do you come to me for, then?" demanded Byram.

"For because Dan McCloud is your cousin, ain't he? An' I jest dropped in on you to see how the land lay. If it's a fight it's a fight, but I jest want to know how many I'm to buck against. Air you with him? I've proofs; I know he's got his ice box stuffed full o' pa'tridges an' woodcock. Air you with him?"

"No," said Byram with a scowl; "but I ain't with you, neither!"

"Don't git riled," said the Warden. "I'm that friendly with folks I don't wanter rile nobody. Look here, friend, you an' me is 'ficials, ain't we?"

"I'm Road Master of Foxville," said Byram aggressively.

"Well, then, let's set down on to this bunch o' shingles an' talk it over 'ficially," suggested the Warden suavely.

"All right," said Byram, pocketing his hammer; "if you're out to ketch Dan McCloud I don't care. He's a low-down, shifty cuss who won't pay his road tax, an' I say it if he is my cousin, an' no shame to me, neither."

The Warden nodded and winked.

"If you he'p me ketch Dan McCloud with them birds in his ice box I'll he'p you git your road tax outen him," he proposed. "An' you git half the reward, too."

"I ain't no spy," retorted Byram, "an' I don't want no reward outen nobody."

"But you're a 'ficial, same as me," persisted the Warden. "Set down on to them shingles, friend, an' talk it over."

Byram sat down, fingering the head of his hammer; the Warden, a fat, shiny man, with tiny, greenish eyes and an unshaven jaw, took a seat beside him and began twisting a greasy black mustache.

"You an' me's 'ficials," he said with dignity, "an' we has burdens that folks don't know. My burdens is these here folks that shoots pa'tridges in July; your burdens is them people who don't pay no road tax."

"One o' them people is Dan McCloud, an' I'm goin' after that road tax to-night," said Byram.

"Can't you wait till I ketch McCloud with them birds?" asked the Warden anxiously.

"No, I can't," snapped Byram; "I can't wait for no such thing!" But he spoke without enthusiasm.

"Can't we make it a kind o' 'ficial surprise for him, then?" suggested the Warden. "Me an' you is 'ficials; your Path Masters is 'ficials. We'll all go an' see Dan McCloud, that's what we'll do. How many Path Masters have you got to back you up?"

"One," Byram said; "we ain't a metropolipus."

"Well, git your Path Master an' come on, anyhow."

"I—I can't," muttered Byram.

"Ain't you Road Master?" asked Dingman, astonished.

"Yes."

"Then, can't you git your Path Master to do his dooty?"

"You see," stammered Byram, "I app'inted a—a lady."

"A what!" cried the Game Warden.

"A lady," repeated Byram firmly. "Tell the truth, we ain't got no Path Master; we've got a Path Mistress—Elton's kid, you know——"

"Elton?"

"Yes."

"What hung hisself in his orchard?"

"Yes."

"His kid? The girl that folks say is sweet on Dan McCloud?"

"It's a lie," Byram said thickly.

After a silence Byram spoke more calmly. "Old man Elton he didn't leave her nothin'. She done chores around an' taught school some down to Frog Holler. She's that poor—nothin' but pertaters an' greens for to eat, an' her a-savin' her money for to go to one o' them female institoots where women learn to nurse sick folks."

"So you 'pinted her Path Master to he'p her along?"

"I—I kind'er did."

"She's only a kid."

"Only a kid. 'Bout sixteen."

"An' it's against the law?"

"Kind 'er 'gainst it."

"Well," said Dingman petulantly, "I never knowed nothin' about it—if they ask me over to Spencers'."

"You must be Elinor Elton," he said. "Yes," she said, with a slight drawl, "and I think you must be Dan McCloud"

"That's right! An' I'll he'p you do your dooty regardin' them pa'tridges," said Byram quickly. "Dan McCloud's a loafer an' no good. When he's drunk he raises hob down to the store. Foxville is jest plumb sick o' him."

"Is it?" inquired the Game Warden with interest.

"The folks is that sick o' him that they was talkin' some o' runnin' him acrost the mountains," replied Byram; "but I jest made the boys hold their horses till I got that there road tax outen him first."

"Can't you git it?"

"Naw," drawled Byram. "I sent Billy Delany to McCloud's shanty to collect it, but McCloud near killed Bill with a ax. That was Toosday. Some o' the boys was fixin' to run McCloud outer town, but I guess most of us ain't hankerin' to lead the demonstration."

"'Fraid?"

"Ya-as," drawled Byram.

The Game Warden laboriously produced a six-shooter from his side pocket. A red bandanna handkerchief protected the shiny barrel; he unwrapped this, regarded the weapon doubtfully, and rubbed his fat thumb over the butt.

"Huh!" ejaculated Byram contemptuously, "he's got a repeatin' rifle; he can cut a pa'tridge's head off from here to that butternut 'cross the creek!"

"I'm goin' to git into his ice house all the same," said the Warden, without much enthusiasm.

"An' I'm bound to git my road tax," said Byram, "but jest how I'm to operate I dunno."

"Me neither," added the Warden musingly. "God knows I hate to shoot people."

What he really meant was that he hated to be shot at.

A young girl in a faded pink sunbonnet passed along the road, followed by a dog. She returned the Road Master's awkward salutation with shy composure. A few moments later the Game Warden saw her crossing the creek on the stepping-stones. Her golden-haired collie dog splashed after her.

"That's a slick girl," he said, twisting his heavy black mustache.

Byram glanced at him with a scowl.

"Well, what of it?" he said.

"Nothin'—she's good-lookin'—for a Path Master," said the Warden with a vicious leer intended for a compliment.

"What of it?" demanded Byram harshly.

"Be you fixin' to splice with that there girl some day?" asked the Game Warden jocosely.

"What of it?" repeated Byram, with an ugly stare.

"Oh," said the Warden hastily, "I didn't know nothin' was goin' on; I wasn't meanin' to rile nobody."

"Oh, you wasn't, wasn't you!" said Byram in a rage. "Now, you can jest git your pa'tridges by yourself an' leave me to git my road tax. I'm done with you."

"How you do rile up!" protested the Warden. "How was I to know that you was sweet on your Path Master when folks over to Spencers' says she's sweet on Dan McCloud——"

"It's a lie!" roared young Byram.

"Is it?" asked the Warden with interest. "He's a good-lookin' chap, an' folks say——"

"It's a —— *lie!*" yelled Byram, "an' you can tell them folks that I say so. She don't know Dan McCloud to speak to him, an' he's that besotted with rum half the time that if he spoke to her she'd die o' fright, for all his good looks."

"Well, well," said the Game Warden soothingly; "I guess he ain't no account nohow, an' it's jest as well that we ketch him with them birds an' run him off to jail or acrost them mountains yonder."

"I don't care where he is as long as I git my tax," muttered Byram.

But he *did* care. At the irresponsible suggestion of the gossiping Game Warden, a demon of jealousy had arisen within him. Was it true that Dan McCloud had cast his sodden eyes on Ellie Elton? If it were true, was the girl aware of it? Perhaps she had even exchanged words with the young man, for McCloud was a gentleman's son and could make himself agreeable when he chose, and he could appear strangely at ease in his ragged clothes—nay, even attractive.

All Foxville hated him; he was not one of them; if he had been, perhaps they could have found something to forgive in his excesses and drunken recklessness.

But, though with them, he was not of them; he came from the city—Albany; he had been educated at Princeton College; he neither thought, spoke, nor carried himself as they did. Even in his darkest hours he never condescended to their society, nor, drunk as he was, would he permit any familiarities from the inhabitants.

Byram, who had been to an agricultural college, and who, on his return to Foxville, had promptly relapsed into the hideous dialect which he had imbibed with his mother's milk, never forgave the contempt with which McCloud had received his advances, nor that young man's amused repudiation of the relationship which Byram had ventured to recall.

So it came about that Byram at length agreed to aid the Game Warden in his quest for the ice box, and he believed sincerely that it was love of duty which prompted him.

"Is it you, little Path Master?" . . . . The Path Master hid her white face in her hands

But their quest was fruitless; McCloud met them at the gate with a repeating-rifle, knocked the Game Warden down, took away his revolver, and laughed at Byram, who stood awkwardly apart, dazed by the businesslike rapidity of the operation.

"Road tax?" repeated McCloud with a sneer; "I guess not. If the roads are good enough for cattle like you, pay for them yourselves! I use the woods and I pay no tax."

"If you didn't have that there rifle——" began Byram sullenly.

"It's quite empty; look for yourself!" said McCloud, jerking back the lever.

The mortified Game Warden picked himself out of the nettle-choked ditch where he had been painfully squatting, and started toward Foxville.

"I'll ketch you at it yet!" he called back; "I'll fix you an' your ice box!"

McCloud laughed.

"Gimme that two dollars," demanded Byram sullenly, "or do your day's stint on them there public roads."

McCloud dropped his hands into the pockets of his ragged shooting jacket.

"You'd better leave or I'll settle you as I settled Billy Delany."

"You hit him with a ax; that's hommycide assault; he'll fix you, see if he don't!" said Byram.

"No," said McCloud slowly; "I did not hit him with an ax. I had a ring on my finger when I hit him. I'm sorry it cut him."

"Oh, you'll be sorrier yet," cried Byram, turning away toward the road where the Game Warden was anxiously waiting for him.

"We'll run you outer town!" called back the Warden, waddling down the road.

"Try it," replied McCloud, yawning.

II

McCloud spent the afternoon lolling on the grass under the lilacs, listlessly watching the woodpeckers on the dead pines. Chewing a sprig of mint he lay there sprawling, hands clasping the back of his well-shaped head, soothed by the cadence of the chirring locusts. When at length he had drifted pleasantly close to the verge of slumber a voice from the road below aroused him.

He listened lazily; again came the timid call; he arose, brushing his shabby coat mechanically.

Down the bramble-choked path he slouched, shouldering his wood-ax as a precaution. Passing around the rear of his house he peered over the messed tangle of sweetbrier which supported the remains of a rotting fence, and he saw, down in the road below, a young girl and a collie dog, both regarding him intently.

"Were you calling me?" he asked ungraciously.

"It's only about your road tax," began the girl, looking up at him with pleasant gray eyes.

"What about my road tax?" he asked briefly.

"It's due, isn't it?" replied the girl with a faint smile.

"Is it?" he retorted, staring at her insolently. "Well, don't let it worry you, young woman."

The smile died out in her eyes.

"It does worry me," she said; "you owe the Path Master two dollars, or a day's work on the roads."

"Let the Path Master come and get it," he replied grimly.

"I am the Path Master," she said.

He looked down at her curiously. She had outgrown her faded pink skirts; her sleeves were too short, and so tight that the plump white arms threatened to split them to the shoulder. Her shoes were quite as ragged as his; he noticed, however, that her hands were slender and soft under their creamy coat of tan, and that her fingers were as carefully kept as his own.

"You must be Ellice Elton," he said, remembering the miserable end of old man Elton, who also had been a gentleman until a duel with drink left him dangling by the neck under the new moon some three years since.

"Yes," she said, with a slight drawl, "and I think you must be Dan McCloud."

"Why do you think so?" he asked.

"From your rudeness."

He gave her an ugly look; his face slowly reddened.

"So you're the Path Master?" he said.

"Yes."

"And you expect to get money out of me?"

She flushed painfully.

"You can't get it," he said harshly; "I'm dog poor; I haven't enough to buy two loads for my rifle. So I'll buy one," he added, with a sneer.

She was silent. He chewed the mint-leaf between his teeth and stared at her dog.

"If you are so poor——" she began.

"Poor!" he cut in with a mirthless laugh. "It's only a word to you, I suppose."

He had forgotten her ragged and outgrown clothing, her shabby shoes, in the fresh beauty of her face. In every pulse-beat that stirred her white throat, in every calm breath that faintly swelled the faded pink calico over her breast, he felt that he had proved his own vulgarity in the presence of his betters. A sullen resentment arose in his soul against her.

"I don't know what you mean," she said; "I also am terribly poor. If you mean that I am not sorry for you, you are mistaken. Only the poor can understand each other."

"I can't understand *you*," he sneered. "Why do you come and ask me to pay money to your Road Master when I have no money?"

"Because I am Path Master. I must do my duty. I won't ask you for any money, but I must ask you to work out your tax; I can't help it, can I?"

He looked at her in moody, suspicious silence.

Idle, vicious, without talent, without ambition, he had drifted part way through college, a weak parody on those wealthy young men who idle through the great universities, leaving unsavory records. His father had managed to pay his debts, then very selfishly died, and there was nobody to support the son and heir just emerging from a dissolute junior year.

Creditors made a clean sweep in Albany; the rough shooting lodge in the Fox Hills was left. Young McCloud took it.

The pine timber he sold as it stood; this kept him in drink and a little food. Then, when starvation looked in at his dirty window, he took his rifle and shot partridges.

Now, for years he had been known as a dealer in game out of season; the great hotels at Saratoga paid him well for his dirty work; the game wardens watched to catch him. But his ice house was a cave somewhere out in the woods, and, as yet, no warden had been quick enough to snare McCloud red-handed.

Musing over these things the young fellow leaned on the rotting fence, staring vacantly at the collie dog, who, in turn, stared gravely at him. The Path Master, running her tanned fingers through her curls, laid one hand on her dog's silky head and looked up at him.

"I do wish you would work out your tax," she said.

Before McCloud could find voice to answer, the alder thicket across the road parted, and an old man shambled forth on a pair of unsteady bowed legs.

"The kid's right," he said with a hoarse laugh; "git yewr pick an' hoe, young man, an' save them two dollars tew pay yewr pa's bad debts!"

It was old Tansey, McCloud's nearest neighbor, loaded down with a bundle of alder staves, wood-ax in one hand, rope in the other supporting the heavy weight of wood on his bent back.

"Get out of that alder patch!" said McCloud sharply.

"Ain't I a-gittin'?" replied Tansey, winking at the little Path Master.

"And keep out after this," added McCloud. "Those alders belong to me!"

"To yew and the *blue*-jays," assented Tansey, stopping to wipe the sweat from his heavy face.

"He's only cutting alders for bean-poles," observed the Path Master, resting her slender fingers on her hips.

"Well, he can cut his bean-poles on his own land hereafter," said McCloud.

"Gosh," observed Tansey in pretended admiration. "Ain't he neighborly! Cut 'em on my own land, hey? Don't git passionate," he added, moving off through the dust; "passionate folks is liable to paralyze their in'ards, young man!"

"Don't answer!" said the Path Master, watching the sullen rage in McCloud's eyes.

"Pay yewr debts!" called out Tansey at the turn of the road. "Pay yewr debts an' the Lord will pay yewr taxes!"

"The Lord can pay mine, then," said McCloud to the Path Master, "for I'll never pay a cent of taxes in Foxville. Now, what do you say to that?"

The Path Master had nothing to say. She went away through the golden dust, one slim hand on the head of her collie dog, who trotted beside her waving his plumy tail.

That evening, at the store where McCloud had gone to buy cartridges, Tansey taunted him and he replied contemptuously. Then young Byram flung a half-veiled threat at him, and McCloud replied with a threat that angered the loungers around the stove.

"What you want is a rawhide," said McCloud, eying young Byram.

"I guess I do," said Byram, "an' I'm a-goin' to buy one too—unless you pay that there road tax."

"I'll be at home when you call," replied McCloud quietly, picking up his rifle and pocketing his cartridges.

Somebody near the stove said: "Go fur him," to Byram, and the young Road Master glared at McCloud.

"He was a-sparkin' Ellie Elton," added Tansey, grinning; "yew owe him a few for that, too, Byram."

Byram turned white. McCloud laughed.

"Wait," said the Game Warden, sitting behind the stove; "jest wait a while. No man can fire me into a ditch full o' stinging nettles an' live to larf no pizened larf at me!"

"Dingman," said McCloud contemptuously; "you're like the rest of them here in Foxville—all foxes, who run to earth when they smell a Winchester."

He flung his rifle carelessly into the hollow of his left arm; then, pushing the fly-screen door open with one elbow, he sauntered out into the moonlight, careless who might follow him, although, now that he had insulted and defied the entire town, there were men behind who would have done him a mischief if they had dared believe him off his guard.

As he walked moodily on in the moonlight, disdaining either to listen or glance behind him, the misery of his poverty arose up before him. It was not unendurable, simply because he was obliged to endure it.

The thought of his hopeless poverty stupefied him at first, then rage followed. Poverty was an antagonist—like young Byram—a powerful one. How he hated it! How he hated Byram. Why? And, as he walked there, shuffling up the dust in the moonlight, he thought, for the first time in his life, that if poverty were only a breathing creature he would strangle it with his naked hands. But logic carried him no further; he began to brood again, remembering Tansey's insults and the white anger of young Byram, and the threats from the dim group around the stove. If they molested him they would remember it. He would neither pay taxes nor work for them.

Then he thought of the Path Master, reddening as he remembered Tansey's accusation. He shrugged his shoulders and straightened-up, dismissing her from his mind, but she returned, only to be again dismissed with an effort.

When for the third time the memory of the little Path Master returned, he glanced up as though he could see her in the flesh standing in the road before his house. She *was* there—in the flesh.

The moonlight silvered her hair, and her face was the face of a spirit; it quickened the sluggish blood in his veins to see her so in the moonlight.

She said: "I thought that if you knew I should be obliged to pay your road tax if you do not, you would pay. Would you?"

A shadow glided across the moonlight; it was the collie dog, and it came and looked up into McCloud's eyes.

"Yes—I would," he said; "but I cannot."

His heart began to beat faster; a tide of wholesome blood stirred and flowed through his veins. It was the latent decency within him awaking.

"Little Path Master," he said, "I am very poor; I have no money. But I will work out my taxes because you ask me."

He raised his head and looked at the spectral forest where dead pines towered, ghastly in the moon's beams. That morning he had cut the last wood on his own land; he had nothing left to sell but a patch of brambles and a hut which no one would buy.

"I guess I'm no good," he said; "I can't work."

"But what will you do?" she asked, with pitiful eyes.

"Do? Oh, what I have done. I can shoot partridges."

"July shooting is against the law," she said faintly.

"The law!" he repeated; "it seems to me there is nothing but law in this forsaken hole!"

"Can't you live within the law? It is not difficult, is it?" she asked.

"It is difficult for me," he said sullenly. The dogged brute in him was awaking in its turn. He was already sorry he had promised her to work out his taxes. Then he remembered the penalty. Clearly he would have to work, or she would be held responsible.

"If anybody would take an unskilled man," he began, "I—I would try to get something to do."

"Won't they?"

"No. I tried it—once."

"Only once?"

He gave a short laugh and stooped to pat the collie, saying: "Don't bother me, little Path Master."

"No—I won't," she replied slowly.

She went away in the moonlight, saying good-night and calling her collie, and he walked up the slope to the house, curiously at peace with himself and the dim world hidden in the shadows around.

He was not sleepy. As he had no candles he sat down in the moonlight, idly balancing his rifle on his knees. From force of habit he loaded it, then rubbed the stock with the palm of his hand, eyes dreaming.

And, as he sat there, thinking of the little Path Master, he became aware of a man slinking along the moonlight road below. His heart stopped, then the pulses went bounding, and his fingers closed on his rifle.

There were other men in the moonlight now—he counted five—and he called out to them, demanding their business.

"You're our business," shouted back young Byram. "Git up an' dust out o' Foxville, you dirty loafer!"

(Concluded on Page 16)

Thompson's Progress—By Cutcliffe Hyne

Copyright, 1911, by Cutcliffe Hyne

The Rise of a Self-Made Man

Copyright in Great Britain

THE PROFITABLE STRIKE

THOMAS THOMPSON was indulging in a clog dance, out of sheer joy and exhilaration, to the accompaniment of his own clear whistle, and the rat-tattle-rattle of the clog-irons on the stone pavement drew many eyes to his performance. A stream of white-skirted mill girls poured out of the door of the weaving shed beside him. They flung him a good deal of pleasant chaff whilst they pinned the shawls over their heads, and it was very plain to see that he was more than an ordinary favorite amongst them. Tom had not the vaguest intention, at that period, of cramping his movements or his efforts by matrimony, and said so freely; but he liked popularity and the admiration of women's eyes, and made it his business to obtain an abundance of both.

But presently, when the stream of hands had ebbed away down the narrow, twisted street to make the most of their sixty minutes of dinner space, there arrived, in the doorway above, the tenant of the mill. He was a man of six-and-twenty, and so some six years Tom's senior. He was thin and white-faced, and he wore a heavy red whisker cut square from the lobe of the ear to the corner of the mouth; and just at that moment he appeared to be holding back with some difficulty an explosion of bad temper.

Tom winked at him cheerfully, and ended his dance with a final flirt of the clog-irons upon the stone. "Don't you wish you could step like that, Hophni?"

"I'm Mr. Asquith to my hands."

"Then I think I'll call you Hophni like we always did up at Bierley, and you can consider me sacked." A stray cat came and rubbed at his leg. Tom pulled its tail dexterously, and the cat writhed and gurgled in an ecstasy of enjoyment. "I reckon there's no more to be learned in your mill now. It seems to me I've sucked you dry."

"You can come in and get your time now, and thankful I'll be to see the last of you and your sauce. You don't come back again, either, though you'll be begging for a job in a week's time. Half the mills in Bradford are standing to-day, and the other half are only running on short time. Weaving overlookers as good as you, my man, are growing thick on every bush around here, with trade as bad as it is just now."

"Now, what do you chaps think you're going to do with my mill?"

Tom whistled a bar of a sprightly air. "I can see you've got that matter of the dobby box still in your head, Hophni."

"It was my patent all along. You were in my employ, and, as my paid hand, any improvement in the looms which you may hit upon belongs to me."

"Oh, yes, I've heard that tale before."

"And let me tell you that your original hint didn't amount to much. I have had to develop it. The thing has cost me scores of pounds in experimenting. It's been so altered that none of the original idea is left in it. You wouldn't recognize that dobby box as it stands to-day. And it isn't finished yet. I shall have to spend more on it before it's ready for manufacture as a perfect machine."

"They teach you the intention of lying pretty well at thy chapel, Hophni," said Tom thoughtfully; "but ye make a poor show at following out the practice. I should change chapels if I were thee, Hophni."

"You let chapel alone," said Asquith furiously.

"I'm likely to," said Tom. "Seen too much of your ways since I've been with you. But what's this tale about you ordering ten of the new looms with my—that is, your—dobby boxes from Keighley? They said you were trying to keep it quiet, but the tale's slipped out."

Mr. Asquith's thin, white cheeks flushed. It is not pleasant to be caught in a lie even by a discharged employee. "Well," he said, "I don't see why I need justify myself to you. It's no concern of yours. I'm paying for them, anyway."

"Ho, yes!" said Tom delightedly; "you'll be paying the cost and a nice fat royalty, too, if you don't want the looms broken up as soon as they are delivered. Ho, yes, Hophni; you're paying." And once more Tom's clogs clattered on the pavement with a joyous rattle-tat-rattle.

"Stop that immoral dancing. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, doing such a thing."

"Not I. David danced. But I'm just wondering how much royalty you can afford to pay without getting banked."

"Royalty, you poaching scoundrel! I tell you there is no royalty. The patent's taken out in my own name."

Tom froze into a sudden sobriety, and the big chin began to project itself with unpleasant firmness. "Yes," he said, "you took out the patent, but you waited a few hours too long in doing it. I made you a fair offer to begin with. I took my drawings to you and showed you the invention on the offer of equal partnership if you would put the money in. You agreed to that. But I've known your shifty ways this long enough, Hophni, and I made so bold as to keep an eye on you. There's a lass you want to marry——"

Hophni Asquith's pale face grew ghastly. "Leave her out, please."

"Very well," said Tom, who was by no means merciless. "But you shouldn't promise anybody more than you've got. I picked up the hint, you see, from your own lips, and as I saw you'd every idea of throwing me over, I just got in at the back of you, and took out a provisional protection myself. Yours went off to London Thursday?"

"Yes."

"Mine was in the Patent Office by then, and filed. It was posted Monday. So you see I'm well covered."

"Your patent will never hold," said Hophni violently. "And at any rate ye've not enough brass to fight me for it."

"Ay?" said Tom with one of his dogged looks. "And how much do you put me down for?"

"Your half week's wage which you have yet to draw."

Tom dived a hand into his pocket and produced a bank pass-book. "I thought there'd be some question like this betwixt me and thee, Hophni, and so I brought t' book along.

Editor's Note—This is the second of six stories by Mr. Hyne, descriptive of the rise and adventures of Thompson. The first story, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of June 29, described Tom's Son as a vagrant poacher, ignorant, but of marvelous skill and cleverness. The next story will appear in the August 19th number.

There's two hundred and thirty-two pound ten shilling there, as you'll notice, and though it's a deposit account repayable at two months I reckon I can get it out in time to fight thee, my man, if tha' shows awkward."

Hophni gasped in amazement. Money was his chief god; and he always bowed before it. "Wherever did ye get all that brass from, Tom? Never honest, I know. Why did ye not tell of it before, and I could have used it for you in the business?"

"If it was locked up in a business," said Tom dryly, "'appen it mightn't be easy to come by at a pinch when it was wanted, like—well, say now."

Hophni Asquith gritted his teeth and tugged at his square-cut red whisker. He intended to use the new loom, because vast profit was latent in its improvements; he intended to pay no royalty or fee to Tom if fighting or dodging could avoid it, because he preferred to have all that profit in his own pocket; and he was setting his nimble brain just then a-rummaging for some scheme by which Tom could be left out in the cold or be conveniently packed out of the way. He was not scrupulous—they were neither of them very scrupulous, for that matter—and some of the schemes that flashed past him were not over-creditable. But then Tom quite appreciated that in the immediate future he would have to keep his weather eye lifting for squalls. It was all part of the game, and he was perfectly ready to take his risks. In fact, he had a very appreciative taste for a scrimmage, and did not much care whether it was physical or mental. He had tried his thews many a time, and tried also his powers of strategy, and was chin-full with confidence in both of them.

They parted at this point, and it was characteristic of the pair of them that Hophni Asquith should retire forthwith to his narrow little office to grapple there and then with the problem, and permit it to worry him incessantly from then onward, and that Tom should dismiss the matter entirely from his thoughts. In 1856 there was no Yorkshireman in all the West Riding keener for commercial success than Mr. Thomas Thompson, but at the same time he had other objects in life to which he gave portions of his attention. He was a fellow of infinitely quick decisions; once he had made up his mind upon a matter he could tilt it completely out of his thoughts till the moment came to take it up again; and in the meanwhile he could find refreshment in some entirely different mental exercise.

Accordingly he took his leave of Asquith, whistled up an intelligent she-dog which answered to the name of Clara, and marched off in this company at a smart pace.

He stopped once at the door of a cellar dwelling and hailed down: "Maister still playing?"

"Ay, lad. He's had no wark these three week."

"Sithee, here's a couple of rabbits. 'Appen they'll do for t' bairns." After which he went on again, whistling cheerfully, with the stolid Clara keeping close to heel as befitted an elderly dog. These small, unobtrusive benefactions had come to be part of his nature, and he derived a curious inward warmth from them.

They went briskly up through the twisted, hilly streets of Bradford, and, seeing that the town was only some one-sixth of its present size in those days, quickly reached its outskirts. Tom viewed the valley slopes beyond with an appreciative eye. What splendid sites were here for mills and dwelling-houses! It is a matter of history that largely owing to his energy during the next half-century, masonry covered the whole of this district, and Tom was shrewd enough to buy up land to re-sell at thumping profits.

But as he walked then his position was lowly, his capital small, and his schemes correspondingly humble. He had given up successively the trades of collier and vagrant poacher, had entered the manufacturing life of the town in its lowest grades, and had learned very thoroughly all that was then to be taught of spinning, weaving and combing, and had obtained a shrewd insight into wool sorting, dyeing and machine making. He had come to his task equipped with magnificent health, a body that required only four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, an abnormally useful memory, and an ambition without any limits to it whatever; and so at an age when other young men are just idling through their first year at Cambridge, this Thompson had got the trade of the worsted district at his fingers' ends. He had a great idea of making money, and making lots of it; but at the same time he kept very closely in touch with those two other great interests, the capture of game and the cultivation of music.

Tom walked on, enjoying the air, enjoying his thoughts. Clara for the most part pattered steadily along at his heels, to all appearance with no further thought than to follow abjectly. But it is probable that her mind also had its activity, for twice (when they had left the region of houses) she made sudden excursions away from the path, and each time returned unostentatiously with a rabbit. Tom received these gifts with scanty thanks because the animals did not happen to be plump. He had a great taste for having the finest of everything. But Clara, in spite of her years and experience, could not be taught to differentiate between a fat rabbit and a lean one.

So in time they came out on to the moorland, and once amongst the heather this scheming, dreaming Thompson became the many-eyed and alert poacher. Grouse on their native heath are the most invisible of birds, as many a shooting man will proclaim; but there are here and there rare fellows who by custom and talent can pick out the comely brown creatures with surprising nimbleness, and can, moreover, approach them so delicately that they will not fly, but will merely run cowering a few yards away amongst the heather-stems, crouch in the new cover, and presently return to the old one. A dozen times Tom drove single birds or a covey in this fashion, and to his pride never flushed them once. He took his observations of the places from which they had moved, and in ten of them decided that the birds would return, and so set snares of brass wire for their reception. Clara showed her well-preserved teeth in a smile as she watched.

He was poaching for no profit then, and so had no need of nets. He wanted a few brace only, and so he chose this more difficult way from the sheer delight of pitting his own skill and wit against the knowledge of the grouse.

Tom set no more snares after the ten had been twisted on to the heather stems, but made his way over one of the knolls of the moor to a shallow dingle which was heaped with great gray boulders of sandstone. He trod always with a view of leaving behind him no readable tracks, but this caused him no conscious thought. He had reduced the art of stepping invisibly to an instinct, and so did it automatically.

At a place where three great slabs of sandstone lay heaped together he stopped and laid hands upon a smaller boulder which was apparently bedded in black peat. It swung out easily to his pull, as a door swings, and behind it was a tunnel. Clara slipped in first to make sure the place was clear, and then Tom squeezed through, and lugged the stone into place. He had been at much pains to arrange the easy poise of that entrance stone. He crouched along for half a dozen yards, then stood up, took flint, steel and tinder from his pocket, and presently had his residence lit by rushlight.

The sloping gray-stone slabs formed the sides and roof, and for bed and carpet there were bracken and springy heather. To a jutting stick hung three brace of grouse in various stages of maturity; against one wall was stocked a crisp brown heap of peats. But day still rode in the sky outside, and though in those times the moors were not watched with that attention they receive now, Tom did not brazenly light his fire and send forth smoke as advertisement of his trespass. He waited for nightfall for that, and in the meanwhile got out his fiddle, put on the mute, and set to work to enjoy himself.

He had got written music to play from now. There were dealers in Bradford in those days who bought copies and duplicated them (in defiance of copyright laws) with their own pens at a half-penny a sheet. There was a large sale for these, for all the townspeople, even down to the humblest of the working-classes, were musical, and they were passed on as a sort of depreciating currency. If griminess were no objection, you could get them as low as seven sheets for a penny at third or fourth hand. But Tom always got his music new, and paid the full half-penny. Music and gifts were two great joys of his life, and his two extravagances.

At the same time he had an appetite for living well. In Bradford at that period—which was before the era of herrings and tea—the working-man lived chiefly on oatmeal porridge, and if you had told him that the end of the century his descendants would be grumbling over daily meals of meat, he would have called you a liar. But Mr. Thomas Thompson never fancied himself on this exclusively vegetarian diet. He worked better, he thought better, and more relishing music came to him on higher fare; and as a consequence he saw that he got it.

In this residence which his troglodytic tastes had made him construct on the moor he lit a generous fire of peat as soon as night fell, and proceeded to prepare a meal. The primitive cookery of working-class Bradford contained nothing in its principles to meet a case like this, and, as in other things, he used a plan which experience and his own invention had taught him. He plucked and drew three plump young grouse. From one he cut the meat, mincing it fine and associating with it an equal bulk of bacon. With this mixture he stuffed the other two birds, closing the gaps with wooden pins. Then he took clay and kneaded it soft with bilberry juice, and with this paste luted the birds all over with fastidious care. And finally he dug away the glowing peat from the hearth, clapped in the clay-covered corpses, heaped high the embers over them, and applied himself once more to his fiddle till they should be cooked.

In due season the roast was complete. He raked away the glowing peats and pulled the birds toward him. The baked clay came from them as cleanly as the shell leaves a hard-boiled egg. They were brown, hot and deliciously juicy. They were tender to a fault. They had been hung the exact number of days to bring out their most exquisite flavor, and Tom said his grace before eating, and meant every word of it. It is worth while at times to whet your appetite with hard work and long hours and plain living if you have a feast like this to save up for. He was always grateful afterward that the interruption did not come till he had finished his meal.

It was Clara who gave the first alarm of danger. Clara, who had been lying as near the fire as any dog could lie without getting actually singed, got up, and stood on stiff legs and bristled. She did not growl; she was a dog who had always been associated with the poaching business, and knew how golden is silence; but she looked around to make sure Tom had noticed her, and then worked with her mottled nose in the air to make further investigation.

Tom jumped to his feet and took out the turf plug from a reconnoitering place. He had three of these posts of observation, and he plugged each carefully after use. It was the third look which showed him Hophni Asquith, with two policemen and a keeper, searching about for a way into his stronghold.

Now Tom, like a rabbit, had more than one bolting-hole, and at first he was minded to make a run for it. But on second thoughts he refrained from this. Even if his face were not viewed, he was quite certain that Hophni would swear to him. And besides, the keeper carried a gun. He was prepared to risk a charge of shot himself, but he knew that the first barrel would be given to Clara, and if Clara were killed he was quite certain that he would turn and tear the throat out of somebody.

Still he was by no means contemplating surrender: he had yet another alternative. At one point in the floor under the carpet of heather was a large flat slab of stone. He got his fingers under this and lifted. It came up easily enough; like the entrance blocks, it had been carefully poised. Underneath was a hollow, about the size and shape of a grave for two. Into this Tom descended, with the fiddle-case and Clara, and the slab of sandstone clapped down into place above them.

Almost simultaneously the raiders found an entrance, and at first seemed unwilling to trust themselves in the uncanny gloom inside. They shouted for Tom to deliver himself up to justice, telling him that all was now discovered, and it would be much the best to come peaceably.

As they got no reply to this courteous invitation they became more peremptory, and snarled threats; and presently the keeper, with the remark that there was "no dang use talking," shoved his gun muzzle through the opening and followed it with a rush. His comments on finding the nest warm and empty were forcible.

To him came Hophni Asquith and a policeman, peering about them curiously.

"I knew I was right," said the manufacturer. "I felt sure that this was the place where I marked him down."

"That's no evidence of poaching," said the policeman.

"T' beggar's got two brace of my birds here, and Lord only knows how many more he's etten."

"There's no evidence who took 'em," said Robert.

"I nobbut wish we could ha' copped t' beggar. The way my grouse has been going this last year has been simply hades. The fashion he can set snares beats anything you ever saw. I should walk into them mysen if I was a bird. He must ha' been living on grouse, and no trouble, either, except just gathering them. Ye must work very short time at yar miln, mister, for him to get up here so often."

"Thompson's never done a short day since he's been with me. But then that wouldn't interfere with his getting out on to the moor here. I don't believe he ever sleeps. He's the most restless man in Bradford, too restless for my taste."

"So it seems," sneered the keeper, with all the clean-handed man's contempt for the informer. "Well, mister, I don't know what for ye wanted him locked up out of the way, but I wish you success wi' your dirty job. I've got to stop him poaching, choose 'ow; and if I cannot get 'im jailed and out of the way, I must ax t' Maister if he willn't let me tak him on as under keeper."

"I thought you said you didn't know the chap," said the policeman.

"Neither I do. I've never so much as clapped eyes on his coit-tails, far less his face. But I've seen his work, and I've seen my birds go, and that's enough for me. Here, come out of this, and let's be getting home to we'r suppers."

They left, then, and promptly Tom disentangled himself. He was angry, of course, at having to abandon his country house, but not especially angry with Hophni. It was all in the game. Only he rather blamed himself for underrating Hophni's cleverness. He had judged the man to have no eye for anything but business; to be wholly wrapped up in money-getting. From the puny millhand of a few years back Hophni Asquith had already raised himself to be a manufacturer, and though Tom admired the feat, up till now he had always rather distrusted the cleverness that brought it about, as being too much on a single string. The additional power shown in tracking him to his lair on the moor exhibited Hophni in a new light; here was a fellow of resource; and Tom quickly decided that the fortunes of Hophni Asquith should to a certain extent henceforward be advanced with his own. "I'll go into partnership with him," said Tom. "I didn't know he was worth it before. There's more behind that square red whisker than many folk would guess."

He knew of a concert-club meeting that night in Bradford where his fiddle would be welcomed; and when the coast was clear he set off for the town at a good sharp trot, with the fiddle-case under his arm and the ungainly Clara loping at his heels. Ahead of him the sky held the glow of blast furnaces, so that a stranger might well have thought the town ablaze. But to Tom the spectacle was a normal one, and he gave it no consideration. Hophni Asquith, a patented loom and a girl filled his thoughts to the brim, and helped along his pace. He was always in hard training, and at go-as-you-please gaits could cover his easy six miles to the hour. Life for him was too short to allow leisure to move across any considerable distance at walking speed. And just now he was covering the ground even faster than usual.

He had an especial reason for wishing to visit the concert club that evening. The girl of Hophni's fancy possessed a rather sweet soprano voice, and she would be there "singing the top line." Hophni would not be present. Hophni Asquith liked music well enough, but openly stated that he had no leisure to chuck away over its cultivation: business took up all his waking hours.

Tom came into the room when the concert was in full blast, tuned his fiddle, and singled out with his eye that Louisa who was just then hesitating as to whether or not she should adopt the surname of Asquith. Their eyes kept in touch, and Louisa presently understood that Tom had something to say to her alone, afterward, and she signaled back that he might see her home. Tom had a very expressive eye when he chose, and, moreover, was very useful at picking up meanings from other people's eyes.

"It's mother that wants me to marry him," Louisa explained when they were alone outside together, "and I'm beginning to think she's about right. I'm stalled o' being poor. Beside, I like him well enough."

"There's nothing comfortable about poverty," said Tom; "especially for a lass. Then you'd not marry Hophni at all if it wasn't for his brass?"

"I'd think it over a bit longer," said Louisa dryly.

Tom laughed.

"Oh, you needn't be so scornful, Tom. He knows quite well how I think about it. He dangled out his brass himself as a bait for me."

"Well, be sure it's there, dear, before you're wed."

"Is there ote wrong?"

"I can't say yet, but you'll see for yourself presently."

"How do you mean?"

"If you see the firm of Thompson & Asquith joined in partnership presently, that would be a sort of guarantee that I thought well of his chances."

"That would be good enough for me. But are you going to join him, Tom? Besides, will he have you? He's a master already: you are only a man."

"When I make up my mind to a thing don't I generally do it?"

Louisa laughed. "They say so."

"Well, here we are at the door. I'll not come in. And I should say you'll forget to tell your mother who's walked you home. Good-night, dear."

"Good-night, Tom."

Tom's evening peregrinations were still unfinished. He went into unsavory Silsbridge Lane, and walked briskly into the Bird of Freedom public house. The reeking barroom was filled with Irish, two of them fighting. There were women in that gruesome company as well as men, many of them young women. But Tom had no truck with any of these. He asked one of the attendants, "Meeting still on?" and, being answered in the affirmative, made his way to a door which stood (as it were) half-way up the wall, at the head of a couple of steps. A drunken Irish bricklayer put out a hand and collared him.

"Here, my beauty, yez do not go up there till yez paid your footing."

Tom's sharp, quick blow, with eleven stone six at the end of it, aimed at the angle of the petitioner's jaw, and that person was *hors de combat* for the rest of the evening. Tom always considered himself first, and just then he was in a hurry. Besides, he never had any sympathy with drunks. A gangway was made for him to the door, and he opened it and stepped up the stair.

It was before the legal days of trades' unions then, and the men who were congregated in that upper chamber conducted themselves after the manner of a secret society. There was a guard at the door armed with a flimsy sword to keep off intruders, there was a password and sign, and the room within aped to some degree the ritual of a Masonic lodge.

Tom's reception was not entirely cordial. There was a current of socialism in this assembly—though they didn't call it socialism then—and Tom was no socialist. He had not the slightest intention of slackening his own pace down to the level of that of the slowest and idlest, and said so openly. He intended to climb to the top, and to get there very soon, and everybody was free to know it. But at the same time, if his principles in this respect were repugnant, they fully appreciated his shrewdness and insight, and the balance there lay in his favor.

When he entered, the subject of a strike at Asquith's was being discussed with blunt freedom. It was the old tale which has existed ever since labor first commenced. Expense of living was growing heavier, wages were getting less, and hours showed no tendency to decrease. Moreover, machines were improving, and to the uneducated alarmist it was plain that there would be less demand for labor presently, and that the state of the working man and woman would grow steadily worse. A word-bubbling agitator pumped out his twisted arguments through tobacco smoke, and the meeting rumbled comments of "Let's strike," at intervals.

Then an elderly hand-loom weaver uprose and pressed for the old remedy of machine-breaking. He spoke with the dull violence of a ruined man who sticks to an obsolete trade, and his wrongs had endowed him with a certain sledge-hammer violence. It was plain at once that he had a large following. Destruction and a riot were always popular cries at these assemblies, and thus are revolutions made. Those who did not assent were for the most part of the cowards, and for their conversion cries of cowardice were freely leveled at them as being the most likely taunt to stir their pluck.

The meeting, then, was in an unpromising temper when presently Tom was called upon for his views, and saw fit to give a flat defiance to everything which had been previously stated. He was no orator at that time or at any other; he was not much more than a boy then, be it remembered; but he knew his own mind and he knew his own policy, and he stated both in lucid sentences. Others had cursed machinery, but he gave it his uncompromising blessing; others advocated restricted output; he was in favor of turning out every stitch that could be made—and finding good markets for it. Hard work and good machinery, he said, meant high wages. Hand-looms, he pointed out, were as dead as bows and arrows, and both nowadays only fit for kindling-wood.

But at that point the meeting refused to hear him further, and from the other side of the room an irritated hand-comber flung across at him a heavy pewter pot.

Now, one man, with his bare hands, cannot in an open room fight five-and-twenty, and Mr. Thomas Thompson afterward appreciated this and stored it amongst his axioms. But youth is warm-blooded, and Tom rather liked a turn-up. He returned the pewter to its owner with the full strength of his arm, and presently was the centrepiece of a very tolerable mêlée. It is a wonder that he did not get the life kicked out of him by angry clogs, for he was in an assembly where a vote of censure was frequently fatal; but activity and luck saved him from any extravagant injury, and though he did leave the room by the window instead of the door, he reached the dirty street outside all in one piece, and presently was his own man again. An agitated Clara came up from somewhere to lick his hand.

Most men after a hint like that would have adjudged the neighborhood unhealthy, and have retired from it with speed. But Tom was doggedly determined to get the information he came for. So at the risk of his life he crept back again, and found against the wall a fall-pipe by which he could climb up to the level of the meeting-room. He did not go up at once. As a preliminary, he picked up a stone and sent it neatly through one of the window-panes. Angry men came out to catch the aggressor, and Tom retired a while whilst they blew off their temper. But when the coast was clear

A word-bubbling agitator pumped out his twisted arguments through tobacco smoke, and the meeting rumbled comments of "Let's strike," at intervals

back he came again, and leaving Clara as a sentry at the foot of the fall-pipe, shinned up, took a lodging on the window-sill, and listened to the rest of the proceedings through the gap. By the time he came down again and departed toward the house where he had a lodging he had got the information he needed.

There were battle, riot and revolution mapped out for the future, but Tom did not lose any sleep that night through thinking of them. He had made his plans, and the matter was dismissed from his mind till the time came for them to mature. In the meanwhile there was leisure. So next morning he engaged himself as a striker at a millwright's, with the idea of getting some practical knowledge of forging and fitting, and in the evenings he learned the mother tongue of a German clerk who shared his lodging. The German was very content to take his fee in kind, and Tom fed him royally on rabbits and game which he and Clara went out two evenings a week to collect by way of exercise and diversion.

It was two months after that meeting of the conspirators at the Bird of Freedom that the climax was reached. The machine-makers at Keighley had finished the new looms, and they were duly set up in Hophni Asquith's weaving-shed. The ingenuity of them was plain for any one to see. As compared with the old looms, with the same amount of overlooking they would add thirty per cent. to the output, and would probably double it. Mr. Asquith announced a diminution in the rate of piece-work wages, and invited his hands to attend to their duties as formerly. He pointed out very sensibly that he was not proposing to pay them less on the week; he was only readjusting the scale to changed circumstances.

Promptly the political economists of the Bird of Freedom uttered their howl against overproduction. For Hophni's hands the case needed little argument after that. If gentlemen who could earn beer merely from their knowledge of finance and economics recommended a strike, it stood to reason that their advice was good. The Spectator, a local paper which was always against any form of government whatever, hounded them on. So out on strike they went, breaking the mill windows behind them as an announcement of the fact.

Hophni Asquith lived in the mill those days, armed somewhat tremulously with a horse-pistol, which he pointed at visitors. The flesh had sunk underneath the clean line of his red whisker, outlining the jaw in hard relief. He victualed himself on biscuits and tea. When he slept, it was in a hard Windsor chair in the office. His bravery in doing this approached the heroic. He knew that the strikers would stick at little, and that any night a force of them might turn up to wreck the mill, or set it alight, and leave him to fry on a grill of smashed machinery. Constitutionally he was a timid man, born of an ill-nourished stock, and physically feeble. Every clog that clattered down the paved street without sent him into a sweat of fear. But—he stuck to his mill. He had built up the business from nothing in an incredibly short time by sheer industry and cleverness. He knew full well the devils of poverty from which he had arisen. He had tasted the keen delights of handling money, and the power that money gives, and he lusted with all the force of his nature for more.

There was another impulse which drove him, but he did not know it then. If he had been forced to make confession at that date, he would have said that it was money and his mill that alone he would fight for.

To this unpromising person then came Thomas Thompson, with a mongrel she-dog at his heels, and bluntly proposed partnership. "And put down that pistol, man," said Tom, squinting down at a bell-muzzle that wavered against his chest. "Fit a new flint to it if you want the thing to go off. Or better still, chuck that on the scrap heap, and buy a new one with a percussion lock. I should have thought you'd have learned by this, Hophni, that old machinery is not profitable—not even gun machinery."

Hophni ordered him off the place promptly enough, and the burly Tom pushed inside and sat himself in an office chair. "They'll be here to wreck the mill for you to-night, and smash every loom in the shed. How does that new loom of mine frame, Hophni? I haven't commenced an action against you for infringement yet. It didn't seem worth while. It looks as if you'll either have to give me a partnership or see those new looms smashed i' bits."

"So you've set them on to wreck the place?"

"Nay, lad, but I've not. I tried to put in my bit of advice at the Bird of Freedom, and they threw me out—threw me through the window, for the matter of that. But I've made it my business to find out what goes on at the meeting, and here's the news."

"I shall go to the police for protection. I shall demand to have the soldiers out."

"Yes, you're likely to get that. With the Spectator squawking for liberty of speech and freedom for the individual, you're likely to get a Bradford magistrate to order guns and cutlasses to be used upon the sovereign people in their legitimate agitation against a merciless employer."

Hophni recognized the quotation, and cursed the Bradford Spectator.

Tom laughed. "So much for your loyalty, lad. You swear by that paper most times. It's your own way of thinking in everything that does not touch your own individual pocket."

"If there's no way of saving the mill I shall have to file my petition, that's all. But I shall start again. Every one will know why I failed, and it'll do little harm to my credit. Besides ——"

"You've got some brass put away in a stocking that the creditors will not lay hands on? Well, maybe. But from all accounts you're not overly liked, Hophni, and I should say they'll squeeze you pretty tight once you're down, and see that you don't get your discharge in a hurry. Much better not go into bankruptcy at all."

"You seem to think you could keep me out!"

"Oh, I don't think; I know."

"Come now; I don't mind admitting that I'm pushed pretty hard just now, Tom. If you've got a way of getting

(Continued on Page 12)

The American Invasion

By Henric B. Murray

Secretary of the
London Chamber of Commerce

Yankee Methods and English Merchants

I AM afraid that our company system, as at present applied, will not be found either so economical or so adaptable a financial weapon as the great trusts under personal ownership and management, which are apparently to be brought to bear against them in open competition in their own market. As a means, however, of uniting capital for the working of sound enterprises they are unrivaled, and I have little doubt that our financial experts, who have so successfully surmounted the difficulties of the past, will find the means of coping with the necessities of the future.

Another large channel of annual systematic waste of time and money and energy is that of our Parliamentary procedure in regard to private bills. Only those who have had occasion to take charge of an enterprise requiring statutory powers can have any idea of the extent to which utterly profitless costs and delays are incurred in process of obtaining the necessary powers. There are a large number of undertakings, particularly those of some magnitude, such as railway, water, electric traction, or other companies, whose work requires that they should be endowed with Parliamentary powers. Here, again, capital grouped collectively is, under our inexcusably expensive and slow system, placed at a great disadvantage in comparison with the one-man management of a private syndicate or trust. Either the present costly system will have to be revised, or some new or cheaper method of concentrating capital and of obtaining the necessary powers to trade will have to be devised.

The Sharpest Thorn in the Flesh of Trade

But the greatest national waste is that deliberately and daily committed by British labor by intentional restriction of output. This restriction has become a rule now in the majority of trades. Needless to say that it is contrary to economic law and is resorted to for purely selfish purposes, viz., to produce an artificial increase of wages. Fortunately for the progress of mankind no such rule prevails in America; in fact, the contrary and natural practice of producing the largest amount by each individual worker holds good in that country. The consequences will be severely felt as competition becomes keener. In fact, it is already operating in the machinery trade, in which American productions are successfully building up an important export trade. It is particularly in regard to rapidity of delivery that American producers are able to compete successfully with British manufacturers.

It has recently transpired, from questions officially answered in the House of Commons, that orders for bridges and other engineering material have been placed in America, as against England, for delivery in Egypt, India and Burma, entirely because the orders could be executed from American sources in a much shorter time. Several English railway companies have found themselves constrained to purchase locomotives in America for the same reason. It will be interesting to watch how long it will take the trades unions of this country to recognize the disadvantages they are creating for their own members, as well as for their employers and the British nation, by the adoption of this pernicious and indefensible system. The American labor system is clearly destined to survive the British, and the American nation will benefit by the adoption of that which is economically right, whilst we shall lose in a corresponding degree.

Even the organization of some of our government departments will have to be modernized and assimilated to the requirements of the times, if we are to hold our own against the influx of foreign investment which our free market and its large profits must continue to attract in a growing degree. I am by no means an advocate of state assistance to trade; at least in the manner in which that phrase is understood and applied out of England. But I am still less a partisan of state obstruction to trade. As such state obstruction has undoubtedly been applied to British enterprises in the past, it must at all costs be avoided in the future.

The Strangling of a Young Industry

Those who are conversant with the facts know that the advent and development of the electrical industry in this country has been retarded for twenty years, if not crippled forever, by grandmotherly legislation and rules, framed, it was believed, for the protection from danger of the general public. That result has been attained, but not in the manner intended. It has come about through the condition of an industry strangled and delayed by unnecessary precautions, limitations and procedure. The result has been that a new industry of primary importance, not second probably even to steam itself, has been constrained to develop itself abroad, and is only slowly coming into use in this country (particularly as regards power distribution and traction) as a foreign manufacture.

Again, the provision of cheap land and water carriage, of which we were the original inventors and providers, is being wrested from us by the superior methods of pupils who have learned our best methods without assimilating our faults.

A unique opportunity for dealing with railway rates and cheap land carriage was placed in the hands of the Board of Trade some years ago. But much if not the whole of that splendid opportunity was lost by the decision, then arrived at, to confine the inquiry to home rates. Not only was the inquiry thereby sterilized, but the actual power of the railway companies to charge as they liked, Parliament and the Railway Commission notwithstanding, was greatly increased.

The Costly Tyranny of Railways

To-day there is little doubt that the railway companies of this country are, in their own sphere, more powerful than the government and the department which should control them. Nor can there be any doubt that they do not always use that power in the best interest of the trade of the country, their own included. A trade which is overweighted with the maximum charge which the traffic will bear, as the goods traffic of this country practically is, cannot be as profitable nationally as the same trade would be were it handled with a view to encourage its maximum development. This is not a mere shareholder's question, as it is so often stated to be by those who wish to stifle its discussion. It is a matter of the utmost moment to the industrial and commercial interests of the Kingdom.

I have endeavored to show that the trade of this country is not at present in a condition to bear new competition without further adjustment and preparation. Our trade, so far, has, speaking generally, been built up on a basis which did not contemplate serious competition either on its own, or still less on improved, lines of cost and management. Yet that is the class of competition which is coming with the advent of American capital, system and activity. We have had as yet only the sleepy opposition of protection to surmount. Now we shall have mental and physical activity fully equal to our own, and methods of business perhaps superior to those of ours, which have not been furbished in the school of serious rivalry, to overcome. These modernized methods, moreover, will be freely supported by almost limitless capital, which, having a deeply-laid object in view, looks less for an immediate return on outlay than for building the foundation of future business, and the ultimate rather than the present accomplishment of the object aimed at. Now that is not a system of competition with which the financiers and merchants of this country have yet had to deal. That they will be fully able to meet it I have not the slightest doubt. Nor do I hesitate to believe that the peaceful emulation will result in the undertaking of greater enterprises by British capital and the successful working of even larger schemes than we have yet been familiar with.

English Lessons Learned by Americans

After all, we can, in this country, claim credit for originating and first carrying into effect that very concentration of capital which is now being brought to bear against us (on a somewhat larger scale perhaps) by our American cousins. Firstly, we ourselves inaugurated the system of investing British capital in foreign countries and in foreign enterprises of all kinds. It is thanks, indeed, to our own enormous development of that system that what is familiarly termed "the balance of trade" in economics has been regulated to the point of unprecedented prosperity which this country has reached. Then, as our operations, both at home and abroad, increased in importance, the capital with which they were carried out was enlarged also.

It was at this stage that the concentration process commenced. The operations became noticeable first among financial institutions and banks. It was found, as home and foreign branches were added, that these could be easily managed from the central establishment. If six or a dozen branches could be managed as easily and as satisfactorily as one, why not twenty or forty? The competition for new branches which should extend business operations with a minimum of expense and competition led to amalgamation. Weak firms with good connections were bought up, experienced managers were placed in charge, and new business was created at a minimum of cost and risk. Bank after bank carried out the process quietly and systematically till the present results were attained. The process then spread to other trades, and with the inestimable assistance of the Limited Liability Acts, which permitted of enormous capitals being drawn from the public purse, amalgamation after amalgamation, in all classes of business, including retail, was effected. The process has by no means terminated.

The Outlook for the Future

This country, having thus initiated the system, can have no cause of complaint that other capitalists are following suit. London and England must benefit therefrom in the long run. The British markets will thereby become greater financial and commercial centres than ever, and the balance of trade will be further rectified in our favor.

Vendors of all nationalities will know that if they have a really good thing to sell they will secure a higher price and probably quicker payment if they bring it to the city than if they attempt to dispose of it elsewhere. More rich residents will flock to London. Property in town and country will not depreciate in value. More mixed marriages will take place, which will strengthen the powers of the British race.

But the chief benefit, nationally speaking, will, I think, be one of long duration if not permanency. The stimulus of competition of a superior character will prove invaluable. It will provoke a serious awakening in the highest regions of financial and business activity. The best methods of American management will be studied, and probably adopted with alterations suitable to local requirements. American production has been stimulated and brought to its present pitch of perfection by the mental process of surmounting the problem of dear labor. It has accomplished that task victoriously, and converted a disadvantage into a positive benefit. American ingenuity and adaptiveness in labor-saving appliances have converted a dear market into one now approaching cheapness of production.

The Secret of American Success

The moral of that victory is that there is no difficulty, physical or social, which mind, well applied, cannot overcome. We have ourselves fought that battle in the past and have not been conquered. I repeat that I have no anxiety now, and rather welcome the new situation and prospects as supplying a motive which was, perhaps, slightly wanting owing to our great prosperity and absence of serious competition.

American progress may be attributed wholly to organization, system and hard work. We are familiar with, and at least equally gifted in, those qualities. I have every conviction that we will not permit ourselves to be worsted in their proper employment. But I am also satisfied that the struggle will be a severe one, and that before victory and assimilation become wholly ours we shall, as in other warfare, have to pay the price of leaving numerous and unexpected hostages to fortune.

Editor's Note — This is the second of two papers on The American Invasion. The first appeared last week.

Trapper Lore—George Hudson

Mississippi River Guide, Loquitur

SHOOTIN' a shotgun ain't nothin' but p'intin' nohow. I druther be blind as shut one eye.

All chokes is foolishness. Ef a man kin kill a duck seventy yards down wind with a sixteen-gauge smooth-bore, what's he want of a cannon pinched at th' muzzle?

Yes, sir! Wild ducks come to a light like candle-flies. Some nights you kin build a fire on a island an' knock 'em down with a pole.

Wimmen an' squirrels is th' same. Jus' set still an' you'll git 'em.

Some things is hard to kill. Trout aigs an' turtle aigs is froze hard all winter, but they wake up lively in th' spring.

There ain't no fish a mink cain't ketch, 'cept a trout an' a bass—an' sometimes he gits bass.

You take a duck flyin' fast an' low, an' he cain't see nothin' littler than a cow until he's on top o' it. One time I sit in a boat in a river slough an' one come 'long an' I speared it with a fish-spear.

When th' leaves is down an' there's snow on th' groun' any one o' these here old owls don't waste no time huntin' f'r mice an' sich. From sundown to sunup he's huntin' for grouse, an' by time winter's gone he gits a many a one. Ain't nothin' easier than to go out into th' woods in Janwerry an' find grouse feathers bunched. That means owl. Grouse roost with their heads all p'intin' in diff'runt ways, so's they kin fly out when a fox comes, but what sorter livin' show they got 'g'inst a thing what kin see 'em an' drops down on one of 'em in th' dark? Sometimes I wonder there's any left. They breed strong or they'd all be dead in three years.

Every mushrat builds his nest with four holes. That's one hole for him to go in at an' three holes for him to go out at. Mink!

To ketch wolves you find a ploughed field an' notice which way th' tracks p'int. Then you find 'nother ploughed field two miles away an' notice which way th' tracks p'int. Then you find 'nother field an 'nother field an' notice which way th' tracks p'int. When you find 'em all p'intin' toward one place you go to that place an' the place'll be a holler with rocks an' bresh in it. That's where th' den is with th' cubs. You take out th' young wolves an' put 'em in a sack an' th' county clerk pays you for their ears. Course th' tracks you find are th' old ones' tracks. Course you don't see th' old ones. Nobody never sees a grown timber wolf, 'less he's dead.

Hard-shell turtles git more young ducks than foxes or minks or wildcats or anything what can't swim. 'Tain't hard for a turtle to rise under one an' grab its leg an' pull it down. Mebbe out of a flock of eight young mallards on a north woods lake four'll git to fly south; mebbe two; mebbe none. Orter be a law 'g'inst turtles. There ain't nothin' 'bout a turtle what entitles him to young duck.

Any man what'll send a ferret with a string to it into a rabbit's house in order to git a shot when it jumps out orter be shut up in a big house with a live lion an' told to treat, trade or travil. I like rabbit meat, but when I cain't git it nat'ral I'll go hungry. Skeerin' it to death afore killin' it spiles th' meat.

Trappin', I'd jus' as soon have a blind trap set in a runway as a baited trap. I kin git as many otter one way as th' other, an' baitin' is a lot o' work. Fact is, a otter likes to kill his own grub. Mebbe he'll eat cut fish if he's lazy or sick, but most times he'll let it alone.

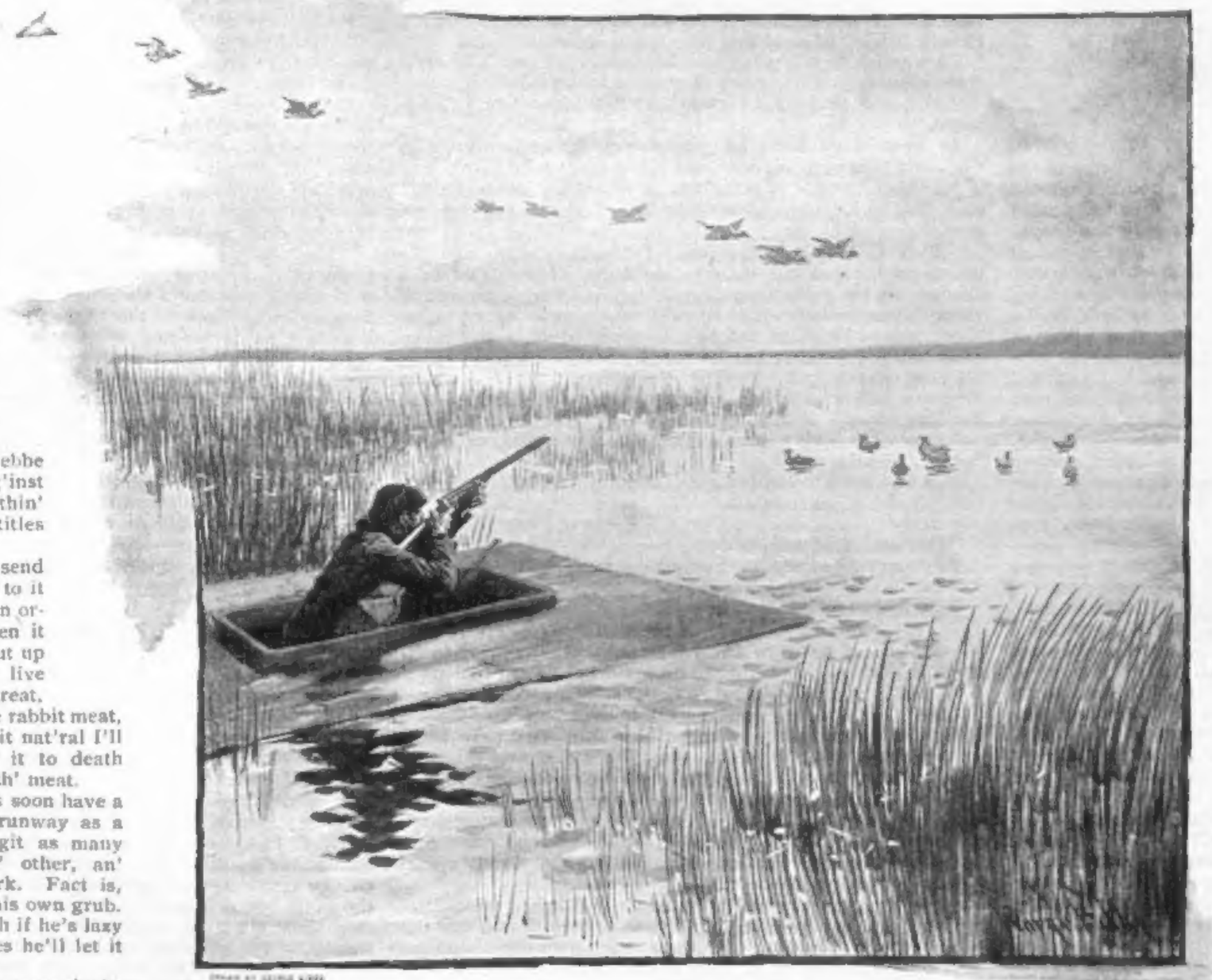
I see men hitch out tame ducks as decoys. It's a good way not to git no ducks. You an' me cain't tell th' diff'runce atween th' way they talk, but old Mr. Mallard kin.

Fellers what writes books say a woodcock don't lay many aigs. I see twelve woodcock aigs in one nest. I see one time a woodcock hen with a bunch o' young ones; must 'a' been more than a dozen of 'em. They was in dried cottonwood leaves. She see me an' fly away like she had a hurt wing. Lord bless her! I wouldn't hurt her. One minit I see them chicks. Next minit I don't see 'em. I go there an' turn all th' leaves over one by one with my finger. I don't find no chicks. Where'd they go to? I dunno. S'pose they were 'round somewheres. I ain't got but one set o' eyes.

Yes, sir! Grouse drums all th' year 'round. Mebbe they drum a leetle more in th' spring, but you kin hear 'em any month atween March an' March. Mebbe they do it in th' spring for love an' in th' summer for habit an' in th' fall for sport and in th' winter for their health. Anyhow, they do it.

Mebbe a wood duck 'll take a young one in her bill an' fly a half-mile to water. I dunno. I never see her do it. I see her bring a young one down from th' nest an' set it at th' foot o' th' tree, fly up ag'in an' bring 'nother one down, an' so on tell th' hull brood was on th' ground, an' then lead 'em to water jus' like any yuther duck. A woodcock will carry a young one sometimes atween her thighs an' sometimes on her back. I see it done both ways.

You take fifteen quail aigs an' put 'em under a old barnyard hen. She'll set on 'em faithful an' be mighty proud of 'em. She'll set an' set jus' like they was her own, an' I guess she thinks they are her own. When th' chicks come out she leads 'em into th' yard an' clucks to 'em to come an' eat. She sticks her head down an' clucks. Then she looks up an' she don't see nothin'. They're gone. You never see a more foolisher lookin' thing than that old hen. One time I see a fam'ly o' Choctaw Injuns what had a brood o' tame quail. They'd hang 'bout th' camp an' come to feed an' almos' let you step on 'em. Next year, howsomever, there warn't no tame quail 'roun' that camp, an' th' Choctaws had to hunt for quail meat with a cane pole an' horse-hair noose at th' eend o' it, jus' like other Injuns. There ain't but one good way to tame quail, an' that's with No. 8's; leetle bit earlier 10's 'll do.



The Success of Little Men

By J. S. Henry

"I SOMETIMES think the physically small man has an advantage in public life," said Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage to one of his assistants, who claimed that short stature was a handicap in the race of life. "There is a glamour or romance about the little fellow who succeeds," continued the Secretary, "that attracts attention and gives him a reputation. On the whole, I believe the man of diminutive size is more effective than the physically perfect man of imposing presence. The little fellow is more aggressive and self-assertive because he has not the adventitious aid of bodily beauty and favor. There are lots of big little men in public life and history abounds in small celebrities."

This statement was made partly to encourage Assistant Secretary Ailes, who is disposed to regard an imposing presence as necessary to full success and who sometimes regrets that his five feet five cannot be stretched half a cubit. But the Secretary's long experience convinces him that bodily height, breadth and depth do not insure success in life. He has observed that spirit and ability bring the man of small physical size into prominence.

It may be that Secretary Gage, in eulogizing the small man, had in mind, as an illustration of what the little fellows can do, the record of Mr. James H. Eckels, who was a fellow-townsman of Mr. Gage and Comptroller of the Currency under President Cleveland. Shortly after Mr. Eckels assumed office in the Treasury he was invited to deliver a lecture before one of the law classes in Columbia University. He was not recognized when he repaired to the hall and modestly took a back seat, where he was the object of some curious scrutiny on the part of the students, who supposed him to be a young interloper—a stranger who had simply wandered into the classroom.

The professor in charge that evening expressed regret that the speaker for the occasion, Comptroller Eckels, had not put in an appearance. The stranger in the back row arose and announced that he was Mr. Eckels. All eyes were then riveted upon the slight, boyish figure and youthful face, innocent of beard. Disappointment was written on every face, including that of the professor, but when the "boy," as he appeared, reached the platform and began his masterly address, disappointment gave way to enthusiasm, and one of the biggest brains in President Cleveland's Administration received a public introduction.

The physical giant is not met with very frequently in national affairs, now that Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, has retired from public life. Outside of the Supreme Court, where master minds are carried in giant bodies by such men as Justices Gray, Harlan and White, few of the controlling spirits who are leaving an impress on history are above medium height or weight, and many of the most prominent are far below the average-sized man. Even the Supreme Court is presided over by a man small in stature and slight of figure. Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, is a pygmy compared with Associate Justice Gray, who sits at his immediate left on the bench. Justice McKenna, the latest appointee to the bench, is small in stature.

Measured by ordinary standards the President of the United States is a small man physically, but there is no doubt of his having achieved great success and having won a high place in the history of the country and of the world. He is hardly up to what is called medium height. He has associated with him a number of big little men.

Honorable John Hay, Secretary of State, ex-Ambassador to England, and known all the world over as a poet and author, started in life with the supposed handicap of a slight body and undersized figure. Secretary of the Navy Long is below the standard height, and Postmaster-General Smith is barely up to the medium line. The present Attorney-General, Mr. Philander C. Knox, cannot boast of many inches, but his success where mentality is potent was long ago achieved.

President McKinley's last Republican predecessor, the late General Harrison, was familiarly known as "Little Ben." He had large men in his Cabinet, but never showed to disadvantage, even alongside the talented Blaine, who was above the average size and of very graceful and imposing presence.

In Congress the little men often attract the most attention. Within the past quarter of a century many statesmen of insignificant bodily stature have made their names known from one end of the land to the other. Less than a decade ago few men were more prominent than the doughty little Democratic leader, William L. Wilson, afterward Postmaster-General. When the tariff bill bearing his name passed the House he was caught up and carried on the shoulders of enthusiastic colleagues, among them Mr. William J. Bryan. His feather weight made this demonstration easy. There are those in Congress who still remember the diminutive Alexander Hamilton Stephens, of Georgia, whose great intellect made him one of the South's greatest men.

To-day in the House the homely old adage that "valuable goods are put up in small packages" is verified when Representative John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, or "Uncle Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, appear on the floor. The great leaders in Congress are not usually sons of Anak. Among other big little men may be noted Admiral Dewey and General Fred Funston, both of whom have made considerable noise in the world. Then there is "Little Joe" Wheeler. United States Treasurer Roberts is so short that when he sits in an ordinary office chair his feet do not touch the floor. The list might be extended indefinitely to prove that towering form and broad shoulders are not essential to success.

CALUMET "K"—A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner—By Merwin-Webster

Authors of The Short Line War

Copyright, 1921, by The Curtis Publishing Company

"It's a wonder you let a man eat."

THIRTEENTH CHAPTER

IT WAS the night of the tenth of December. Three of the four stories of the cupola were building and the upright posts were reaching toward the fourth. It still appeared to be a confused network of timbers, with only the beginnings of walls, but as the cupola walls are nothing but a shell of light boards to withstand the wind, the work was further along than might have been supposed. Down on the working story the machinery was nearly all in, and up here in the cupola the scales and garners were going into place as rapidly as the completing of the supporting framework permitted. The cupola floors were not all laid. If you had stood on the distributing floor, over the tops of the bins, you might have looked not only down through a score of openings between plank areas and piles of timber, into black pits, sixteen feet square by seventy deep, but upward through a grill of girders and joists to the clear sky. Everywhere men swarmed over the work, and the buzz of the electric lights and the sounds of hundreds of hammers blended into a confused hum.

If you had walked to the east end of the building, here and there balancing along a plank or dodging through gangs of laborers and around moving timbers, you would have seen, stretching off from a point not half way to the ground, the annex bins, rising so steadily that it was a matter of only a few weeks before they would be ready to receive grain. Now another walk, this time across the building to the north side, would have shown you the river house, out there on the wharf, and the marine tower rising up through the middle with a single arc lamp on the topmost girder throwing a mottled, checkered shadow on the wharf and the water below.

At a little after eight o'clock Peterson, who had been looking at the stairway, now nearly completed, came out on the distributing floor. He was in good spirits, for everything was going well, and Bannon had frankly credited him, of late, with the improvement in the work of the night shifts. He stood looking up through the upper floors of the cupola, and he did not see Max until the timekeeper stood beside him.

"Hello, Max," he said. "We'll have the roof on here in another ten days."

Max followed Peterson's glance upward.

"I guess that's right. It begins to look as if things was coming 'round all right. I just come up from the office. Mr. Bannon's there. He'll be up before long, he says. I was a-wondering if maybe I hadn't ought to go back and tell him about Grady. He's around, you know."

"Who? Grady?"

"Yes. Him and another fellow was standing down by one of the cribbin' piles. I was around there on the way up."

"What was they doing?"

"Nothing. Just looking on."

Peterson turned to shout at some laborers, then he pushed back his hat and scratched his head.

"I don't know but what you'd ought to 'a' told Charlie right off. That man Grady don't mean us no good."

"I know it, but I wasn't just sure."

"Well, I'll tell you ——"

Before Peterson could finish Max broke in:

"That's him."

"Where?"

"That fellow over there, walking along slow. He's the one that was with Grady."

"I'd like to know what he thinks he's doing here." Peterson started forward, adding: "I guess I know what to say to him."

"Hold on, Pete," said Max, catching his arm. "Maybe we'd better speak to Mr. Bannon. I'll go down and tell him, and you keep an eye on this fellow."

Peterson reluctantly assented, and Max walked slowly away, now and then pausing to look around at the men. But when he had nearly reached the stairway, where he could slip behind the scaffolding about the only scale hopper that had reached a man's height above the floor, he moved more rapidly. He met Bannon on the stairway, and told him what he had seen. Bannon leaned against the wall of the stairway bin, and looked thoughtful.

"So he's come, has he?" was his only comment. "You might speak to Pete, Max, and bring him here. I'll wait."

Max and Peterson found him looking over the work of the carpenters.

"I may not be around much to-night," he said with a wink, "but I'd like to see both of you to-morrow afternoon some time. Can you get around about four o'clock, Pete?"

"Sure," the night boss replied.

"We've got some thinking to do about the work, if we're going to put it through. I'll look for you at four o'clock then, in the office." He started down the stairs. "I'm going home now."

"Why," said Peterson, "you only just come."

Bannon paused and looked back over his shoulder. The light came from directly overhead, and the upper part of his face was in the shadow of his hat brim, but Max, looking closely at him, thought that he winked again.

"I wanted to tell you," the foreman went on; "Grady's come around, you know—and another fellow ——"

"Yes, Max told me. I guess they won't hurt you. Good-night."

As he went on down he passed a group of laborers who were bringing stairway material to the carpenters.

"I don't know but what you was talking pretty loud," said Max to Peterson in a low voice. "Here's some of 'em now."

"They didn't hear nothing," Peterson replied, and the two went back to the distributing floor. They stood in a shadow, by the scale hopper, waiting for the reappearance of Grady's companion. He had evidently gone on to the upper floors, where he could not be distinguished from the many other moving figures; but in a few minutes he came back, walking deliberately toward the stairs. He looked at Peterson and Max, but passed by without a second glance, and descended. Peterson stood looking after him.

"Now, I'd like to know what Charlie meant by going home," he said.

Max had been thinking hard. Finally he said:

"Say, Pete, we're blind."

"Why?"

"Did you think he was going home?"

Peterson looked at him, but did not reply.

"Because he ain't."

"Well, you heard what he said."

"What does that go for? He was winking when he said it. He wasn't going to stand there and tell the laborers all about it, like we was trying to do. I'll bet he ain't far off."

"I ain't got a word to say," said Peterson. "If he wants to leave Grady to me, I guess I can take care of him."

Max had come to the elevator for a short visit—he liked to watch the work at night—but now he settled down to stay, keeping about the hopper where he could see Grady if his head should appear at the top of the stairs. Something told him that Bannon saw deeper into Grady's manœuvres than either Peterson or himself, and while he could not understand, yet he was beginning to think that Grady would appear before long, and that Bannon knew it.

Sure enough, only a few minutes had gone when Max turned back from a glance at the marine tower and saw the little delegate standing on the top step, looking about the distributing floor and up through the girders overhead with quick, keen eyes. Then Max understood what it all meant: Grady had chosen a time when Bannon was least likely to be on the job; and he had sent the other man ahead to reconnoitre. It meant mischief—Max could see that; and he felt a boy's nervousness at the prospect of excitement. He stepped farther back into the shadow.

Grady was looking about for Peterson; when he saw his burly figure, outlined against a light at the farther end of the building, he walked directly toward him, not pausing this time to talk to the laborers or to look at them. Max, moving off a little to one side, followed, and reached Peterson's side just as Grady, his hat pushed back on his head and his feet apart, was beginning to talk.

"I had a little conversation with you the other day, Mr. Peterson. I called to see you in the interests of the men, the men that are working for you—working like galley slaves they are, every man of them. It's shameful to a man that's seen how they've been treated by the nigger drivers that stands over them day and night." He was speaking in a loud voice, with the fluency of a man who is carefully prepared. There was none of the bitterness or the ugliness in his manner that had slipped out in his last talk with Bannon, for he knew that a score of laborers were within hearing, and that his words would travel, as if by wire, from mouth to mouth about the building and the grounds below. "I stand here, Mr. Peterson, the man chosen by these slaves of yours, to look after their rights. I do not ask you to treat them with kindness, I do not ask that you treat them as gentlemen. What do I ask? I demand what's accorded to them by the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence, that says even a nigger has more rights than you've given to these men, the men that are putting money into your pocket and Mr. Bannon's pocket and the corporation's pocket, by the sweat of their brows. Look at them; will you look at them?" He waved his arm toward the nearest group, who had stopped working, and were listening; and then, placing a cigar in his mouth and tilting it upward, he struck a match and sheltered it in his hands, looking over it for a moment at Peterson.

The night boss saw by this time that Grady meant business, that his speech was a preliminary to something more emphatic, and he knew that he ought to stop it before the laborers should be demoralized.

"You can't do that here, Mister," said Max, over Peterson's shoulder, indicating the cigar.

Grady still held the match, and looked impudently across the tip of his cigar. Peterson took it up at once.

"You'll have to drop that," he said. "There's no smoking on this job."

The match had gone out, and Grady lighted another.

"So that's one of your rules, too?" he said in the same loud voice. "It's a wonder you let a man eat."

Peterson was growing angry. His voice rose as he talked.

"I ain't got time to talk to you," he said. "The insurance company says there can't be no smoking here. If you want to know why, you'd better ask them."

Grady blew out the match and returned the cigar to his pocket with an air of satisfaction that Peterson could not make out.

"That's all right, Mr. Peterson; I didn't come here to make trouble. I come here as a representative of these men"—he waved again toward the laborers—"and I say right here, that if you'd treated them right in the first place I wouldn't be here at all. I've wanted you to have a fair show. I've put up with your mean tricks and threats and insults ever since you begun—and why? Because I wouldn't delay you and hurt the work. It's the industries of to-day, the elevators and railroads, and the work of strong men like these that's the bulwark of America's greatness. But what do I get in return, Mister Peterson? I come up here as a gentleman and talk to you. I treat you as a gentleman. I overlook what you've showed yourself to be. And how do you return it? By talking like the blackguard you are—you knock an innocent cigar ——"

"Your time's up!" said Pete, drawing a step nearer. "Come to business or clear out. That's all I've got to say to you."

"All right, *Mister* Peterson—*all* right. I'll put up with your insults. I can afford to forget myself when I look about me at the heavier burdens these men have to bear, day and night. Look at that—look at it, and then try to talk to me."

He pointed back toward the stairs, where a gang of eight laborers were carrying a heavy timber across the shadowy floor.

"Well, what about it?" said Pete with half-controlled rage.

"What about it! But never mind. I'm a busy man, myself. I've got no more time to waste on the likes of you. Take a good look at that and then listen to me. That's the last stick of timber that goes across this floor until you put a runway from the hoist to the end of the building. And every stick that leaves the runway has got to go on a dolly. Mark my words now—I'm talking plain. My men don't lift another pound of timber on this house—everything goes on rollers. I've tried to be a patient man, but you've run against the limit. You've broke the last back you'll have a chance at." He put his hand to his mouth as if to shout at the gang, but dropped it and faced around. "No, I won't stop them. I'll be fair to the last." He pulled out his watch. "I'll give you one hour from now. At ten o'clock, if your runway and the dollies ain't working, the men go out. And the next time I see you I won't be so easy."

He turned away, waved to the laborers with an "All right, boys; go ahead," and walked grandly toward the stairway.

Max whistled.

"I'd like to know where Charlie is," said Peterson.

"He ain't far. I'll find him;" and Max hurried away.

Bannon was sitting in the office chair with his feet on the drafting-table, figuring on the back of a blotter. The light from the wall-lamp was indistinct and Bannon had to bend his head forward to see the figures. He did not look up when the door opened and Max came to the railing gate.

"Grady's been up on the distributing floor," said Max breathlessly, for he had been running.

"What did he want?"

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of May 25.

He's going to call the men off at ten o'clock if we don't put in a runway and dollies on the distributing floor"

Bannon looked at his watch

"Is that all he wants?"

Max, in his excitement, did not catch the sarcasm in the question

"That's all he said, but it's enough. We can't do it"

Bannon closed his watch with a snap

"No," he said, "and we won't throw away any good time trying. You'd better round up the committee that's supposed to run this lodge and send them here. That young Murphy's one of them—he can put you [illegible]. Bring Peterson back with you, and the new man, James"

Max lingered, with a look of awe and admiration

"Are you going to stand out, Mr. Bannon?" he asked

Bannon dropped his feet to the floor, and turned toward the table

"Yes," he said. "We're going to stand out"

Since Bannon's talk with President Carver a little drama had been going on in the local lodge, a drama that neither Bannon, Max nor Peterson knew about. James had been selected by Carver for this work because of proved ability and shrewdness. He had no sooner attached himself to the lodge, and made himself known as an active member, than his personality, without any noticeable effort on his part, began to make itself felt. Up to this time Grady had had full swing, for there had been no one among the laborers with force enough to oppose him.

The first collision took place at an early meeting after Grady's last talk with Bannon. The delegate, in the course of the meeting, bitterly attacked Bannon, accusing him, at the climax of his oration, of an attempt to buy off the honest representative of the working classes for $5000. This had a tremendous effect on the excitable minds before him. He finished his speech with an impassioned tirade against the corrupt influences of the money power, and was mopping his flushed face, listening with elation to the hum of anger that resulted, confident that he had made his point, when James arose. The new man was as familiar with the tone of the meetings of laborers as Grady himself. At the beginning he had no wish further than to get at the truth. Grady had not stated his case well. It had convinced the laborers, but to James it had weak points. He asked Grady a few pointed questions that, had the delegate left the truth behind him, should not have been hard to answer. But Grady was still under the spell of his own oratory, and in attempting to get his feet back on the ground he bungled. James did not carry the discussion beyond the point where Grady, in the bewilderment of recognizing this new element in the lodge, lost his temper, but when he sat down the sentiment of the meeting had changed. Few of those men could have explained their feelings. It was simply that the new man was stronger than they were, perhaps as strong as Grady, and they were influenced accordingly.

There was no decision for a strike at that meeting. Grady, cunning at the business, immediately dropped open discussion and, smarting under the sense of lost prestige, set about regaining his position by well planned talk with individual laborers. This went on, largely without James' knowledge, until Grady felt sure that a majority of the men were back in his control. This time he was determined to carry through the strike without the preliminary vote of the men. It was a bold stroke, but boldness was needed to defeat Charlie Bannon, and nobody knew better than Grady that a dashing show of authority would be hard for James or any one else to resist.

And so he had come on the job this evening, at a time when he supposed Bannon safe in bed, and delivered his ultimatum. Not that he had any hope of carrying the strike through without some sort of a collision with the boss, but he well knew that an encounter after the strike had gathered momentum would be easier than one before. Bannon might be able to outwit an individual, even Grady himself, but he would find it hard to make headway against an angry mob. And now Grady was pacing stiffly about the Belt Line yards while the minute hand of his watch crept around toward ten o'clock. Even if Bannon should be called within the hour a few fiery words to those sweating gangs on the distributing floor should carry the day. But Grady did not think that this would be necessary. He was still in the mistake of supposing that Peterson and the boss were at outs, and he had arrived, by a sort of reasoning that seemed the keenest strategy, at the conclusion that Peterson would take the opportunity to settle the matter himself. In fact, Grady had evolved a neat little campaign, and he was proud of himself.

Bannon did not have to wait long. Soon there was a sound of feet outside the door, and after a little hesitation six laborers entered, five of them awkwardly and timidly wondering what was to come. Peterson followed with Max, and closed the door. The members of the committee stood in a straggling row at the railing, looking at each other and at the floor, ceiling—anywhere but at the boss, who was sitting at the table, sternly taking them in.

"Is this all the committee?" Bannon presently said.

The men hesitated, and Murphy, who was in the centre, answered: "Yes, sir."

"You are the governing members of your [illegible]?"

There was an air of cool authority about Bannon that disturbed the men. They had been led to believe that his power reached only the work in the elevator, and that an attempt on his part to interfere in any way with their organization would be an act of high handed tyranny, "to be resisted to the death" (Grady's words). But these men, standing before their boss, in his own office, were not the same men that thrilled with righteous wrath under Grady's eloquence in the meetings over Barry's saloon. So they looked at the floor and ceiling again, until Murphy at last answered:

"Yes, sir."

Bannon waited again, knowing that every added moment of silence gave him the firmer control.

—"If you hang on to this man after he's been proved a blackmailer your lodge can be dropped from the Federation"

"I have nothing to say about the government of your organization," he said, speaking slowly and coldly. "I have brought you here to ask you this question: Have you voted to strike?"

The silence was deep. Peterson, leaning against the closed door, held his breath. Max, sitting on the railing with his elbow thrown over the desk, leaned slightly forward. The eyes of the laborers wandered restlessly about the room. They were disturbed, taken off their guard; they needed Grady. But the thought of Grady was followed by the consciousness of the silent figure of the new man, James, standing behind them. Murphy's lips framed themselves about words that did not come, but finally he said, mumbling the words:

"No, we ain't voted for no strike."

"There has been no such decision made by your union?"

"No, I guess not."

Bannon turned to Peterson.

"Mr. Peterson, will you please bring Mr. Grady here."

Max and Peterson hurried out together. Bannon drew up the chair, and turned his back on the committee, going on with his figuring. Not a word was said, the men hardly moved, and the minutes went slowly by. Then there was a stir outside and the sound of low voices. The door flew open, admitting Grady, who stalked to the railing, choking with anger. Max, who immediately followed, was grinning, his eyes resting on a round spot of dust on Grady's shoulder.

Grady's torn collar and disarranged tie. Peterson came in last, and carefully closed the door—his eyes were glowing, and one sleeve was rolled up over his bare forearm. Neither of them spoke.

Grady was at a disadvantage, and he knew it. Breathing hard, his face red, his little eyes darting about the room, he took it all in—the members of the committee; the boss figuring at the table, and last of all, James, standing in the background. It was the sight of the new man that checked the storm of words that was pressing on Grady's tongue. But he finally gathered himself and stepped forward.

Then Bannon turned. He faced about in his chair and began to talk straight at the committee, ignoring the delegate. Grady began to talk at the same time, but though his voice was the louder, no one seemed to hear him. The men were looking at Bannon. Grady hesitated, started again, and then, bound by his own rage, let his words die away.

"This man Grady threatened a good while ago that I would have a strike on my hands. He finally came to me and offered to protect me if I would pay him $5000."

"That's a lie!" shouted the delegate. "He come to me."

Bannon had hardly paused. He drew a typewritten copy of Grady's letter from his pocket and read it aloud, then handed it over to Murphy.

"That's the way he came at me. I want you to read it."

The man took it awkwardly, glanced at it, and passed it on.

"To-night he's ordered a strike. He calls himself your representative, but he has acted on his own responsibility. Now, I am going to talk plain to you. I came here to build this elevator and I'm going to do it. I propose to treat you men fair and square. If you think you ain't treated right, you send an honest man to this office, and I'll talk with him. But I'm through with Grady. I won't have him here at all. If you send him around again I'll throw him off the job."

The men were a little startled. They looked at one another, and the man on Murphy's left whispered something. Bannon sat still, watching them.

Then Grady came to himself. He wheeled around to face the committee, and threw out one arm in a wide gesture.

"I demand to know what this means! I demand to know if there is a law in this land! Is an honest man, the representative of the hand of labor, to be attacked by hired ruffians? Is he to be slandered by the tyrant who drives you at the point of the pistol? And you not men enough to defend your rights—the rights held by every American—the rights granted by the Constitution! But it ain't for myself I would talk. It ain't my own injuries that I suffer for. This man has dared to interfere in the integrity of your lodge. Have you no word——"

Bannon arose, caught Grady's arm, and whirled him around.

"Grady," he said, "shut up!"

The delegate tried to jerk away, but he could not shake off that grip. He looked toward the committeemen, but they were silent. He looked everywhere but up into the eyes that were blazing down at him. And finally Bannon felt the muscles within his grip relax.

"I'll tell you what I want you to do," said Bannon to the committeemen. "I want you to elect a new delegate. Don't talk about interference—I don't care how you elect him or who he is, if he comes to me squarely."

Grady was wriggling again.

"This means a strike!" he shouted. "This means the biggest strike the West has ever seen! You won't get men for love or money——"

Bannon gave the arm a wrench, and broke in:

"I'm sick of this. I laid this matter before President Carver. I have his word that if you hang on to this man after he's been proved a blackmailer your lodge can be dropped from the Federation. If you strike, you won't hurt anybody but yourselves. That's all. You can go."

"Wait——" Grady began, but they filed out without looking at him. James, as he followed them, nodded and said: "Good-night, Mr. Bannon."

Then for the last time Bannon led Grady away. Peterson started forward, but the boss shook his head and went out, marching the delegate between the lumber piles to the point where the path crossed the Belt Line tracks.

"Now, Mr. Grady," he said, "this is where our ground stops. The other sides are the road there, and the river and the last piles of cribbing at the other end. I'm telling you so you'll know where you don't belong. Now, get out!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1901

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

WHEN doctors disagree the case is up to the coroner.

MONEY is supposed to talk; yet the modern trust knows little but addition, division and silence

KING EDWARD is doing fairly well in the matter of securing desirable offices considering the fact that he was not born in Ohio.

JOHN BULL is grumbling so much about other things that we might almost wish he would win the yacht race. But what's the use?

DOES the fact that Mark Hanna's boom was launched in England make it eligible to compete for the cup if Shamrock II fails?

KING EDWARD'S Coronation, which will be the most brilliant ever known, differs from our Inauguration. A Coronation marks a change of reign, while rain with very little change generally marks an Inauguration.

THERE will be fifteen more votes in the next Electoral College, and estimating from the number of possible candidates already mentioned there will be about fifteen times that many patriots who will entertain some hope of getting a few of them.

TEXAS is in trouble. Some of its leaders said hard things against plutocracy, and now the new oil wells are making them millionaires. It is sad, but they are trying so hard to keep their misfortunes to themselves that they lock them up in bank vaults.

CAPITAL admits that labor has the right to combine Labor admits that capital has the right to combine. So far, so good. But when they combine against each other the mischief begins. Success comes when they combine for the purpose of working together.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made of the papers that will be read at the Nurses' International Congress which meets in Buffalo in September. The list is unsatisfactory. It ought to include statistics showing how many trained nurses marry doctors, how many marry patients, and last, but most important of all, how many patients fall in love with the trained nurses.

THERE are many records of many kinds, and this country has recently broken about all of them worth having, but in the money way there is no event that approaches the end of each half of the fiscal year. It is the record of dividends the profits made, admitted and divided. Last year the July dividends reached the unprecedented total of $125,000,000. But that would not do for the present era of prosperity, and so we have the total lifted many millions of dollars, until it goes beyond anything the world has ever known.

True, the rich men get most of it—they usually do nowadays—but it means that our great properties are making money, and that they can afford to keep men regularly employed and give them living wages. That is what really counts in the aggregate of the nation's wealth and well being—not so much the huge accumulations of the few as the condition of the many.

When good wages and good profits go together, labor and capital prosper and the country is safe

To keep up with the average small boy in these swift times requires sixteen hours of exercise daily, a bicycle, an encyclopædia, and all the latest editions of Ready Replies to Instant Inquiries.

A Chance for the Rank and File

FROM South Dakota comes the statement that the first attempt to apply the new referendum provision of the State Constitution has failed. Five per cent. of the voters, by signing a petition within ninety days, may require that any law passed by the Legislature shall be submitted to the people. On the first attempt to secure the requisite number of signers the time limit expired when only four per cent. of the voters had been enlisted. Hence the referendum has not been ordered

To a thoughtful mind this appears not a failure, but a success. It shows that the power of ordering a popular referendum will not be frivolously used. If every measure to which a quarter or a tenth of the people were opposed should be dragged into a popular election the system would be overloaded and perhaps brought into disrepute. But it appears that in South Dakota the voters will not apply for the referendum unless they consider the matter one of very serious importance.

It is probably safe to assume that human nature, in general, is very much alike. If so, and if the South Dakota system were in force in Pennsylvania, it probably would not have been possible to obtain the necessary sixty thousand signatures to a petition for a popular vote on any ordinary acts of the Legislature, but there would have been no trouble in filling such petitions for a referendum on the measures affecting the government of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and other cities, and particularly on the law relating to street railway franchises. If such a vote had been possible the public mind would probably have been more at ease than it is just at present.

One of the principal uses of Switzerland and Australia to the world is to serve as laboratories for political experiments. To a considerable extent our far Western States are answering the same purpose. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho are showing us how woman suffrage works. Kansas and Nebraska gave us a number of lessons in Populism. Now South Dakota is giving us a home test of the referendum. Thus far the results have been only negative, but they are satisfactory as far as they have gone. We shall be able to show the positive value of the advice when some gigantic scheme of public plunder, after sliding easily through the Legislature, runs against the wall of a popular election.

Recent steamboat accidents in different parts of the world show that the life-preserver is the right thing almost always in the wrong place.

Uncle Sam's New Freight Service

THERE are several curious features in Uncle Sam's commercial supremacy. Its suddenness is one, but the unprecedented thing is that the department store of the world has an utterly inadequate delivery system. If the United States were to depend upon its own facilities to deliver the orders of its foreign customers there would be a panic that would sweep from Maine to Mexico. The trade has come to us, but we have to hire foreigners to deliver the goods.

Great Britain has held on so long because she has had direct lines to all the important ports of the world. Germany has made marvelous gains because she has circled the world with steamship routes and has done it so well that her big lines pay higher dividends than those of any other nation. Now the United States, having won the lead, must get the most direct means of keeping it—and that means the establishment of steamship lines to every vantage-point of commerce. Think for a moment of a country as big and as rich as this dealing with South America by way of Europe! It would be grotesque if it were not true.

But the change is coming. Americans act quickly, which explains much of their success, and they are doing this with a rush, as these facts will show:

Under completion at Newport News is the Siberia, a sister ship of the Korea, 18,600 tons, 18,000 horse-power, with a speed of twenty knots, and accommodations for 1400 passengers. These ships are the largest ever built in America, and they cost $4,000,000. They will ply between San Francisco and Hongkong.

James J. Hill is building four of the largest steamships in the world—between 20,000 and 30,000 tons—for the Oriental trade by way of his Northern lines and Seattle. All possible haste is being made on these monsters.

A Western syndicate is establishing a new route to the East by way of Manzanillo, on the southern coast of Mexico, which will make the route from New York to Japan or China 1200 miles shorter than by San Francisco. Four freight ships of over 20,000 tons will be built

In addition to this it is reported that the Santa Fe Railroad will establish its own line to Asia, or make arrangements with some established line for more ships. So much for the new trade of our Western coast.

New ships of special design are being built for a line that will ply between Chicago and England, using the canals along the St. Lawrence; and this is only the beginning

Even greater activity prevails along the Atlantic seaboard. All yards are filled with home orders. Within ten years three regular lines of first class steamships have been established between New York and Mediterranean ports. Now Boston is to have a new line of its own to the same ports Two new direct lines to South American points are under way. Ships are sailing direct from Gulf of Mexico ports to European and Asiatic countries. The services of the various lines between the United States and the islands of the West Indies have been brought almost to perfection. Soon we shall have great ships sailing regularly to the Philippines.

But steam does not run all the world—not quite. Sailing vessels of huge dimensions are being built by Americans. They are good for large cargoes and long voyages. They do not require so many men, they do not cost so much in operation, and so they are being improved, developed and run at a profit. Within a few weeks the keel will be laid for the first of seven seven-masted steel schooners, "destined," to quote from the announcement, "to be the largest and greatest cargo-carrying craft of that type ever put afloat." And yet after all it is hard to get away from steam, for these sailing ships will be steered and heated by steam.

It is a wonderful total that all these new enterprises make, not only in the millions of their cost but in the vast additions to the carrying trade of the world. And yet it will take some years for us to capture the seas as well as we have the land—granting that we ever do it, for of the 28,200 ships of all nationalities afloat to-day—ships of over 200 tons—Great Britain possesses about 11,000. We have got a lot of John Bull's commerce, but it is certain that we must continue to pay him toll for a while to help us deliver the goods.

Trusts may keep on grabbing, but so long as hooks are two for a cent and earthworms are free they can never monopolize the happiness of the world.

A Grim Riddle Near Solution

AN ANCIENT writer tells how Xerxes, after surveying his mighty army of a million men, was moved to tears by the thought that a century later not one of all the million would be alive. A similar thought was in the mind of a great pathologist the other day when he said that ten million Americans of the present generation are doomed to die of consumption. He based his assertion on vital statistics which show that among civilized peoples over one-seventh of the deaths is due to this disease; but statistics are not unchanging, and happily the most recent figures open up a new world of hope and encouragement.

The great specialists now predict that the next few years will see the worst enemy of human life numbered among the curable diseases. Already, conservative doctors are holding out hope to patients who come to them in early stages of the malady. Their marked success in these cases, together with the new methods of bacteriological and microscopical research, has given new impetus to the study of the disease. More than that, recent experience has emphasized the vital importance of the earliest possible detection of tubercular tendencies, and progressive medical men all over the land are watching for suspicious symptoms with redoubled vigilance and fighting them with new skill

One by one the old theories of the disease have been discredited and new ones have been accepted in their stead. Within the decade the child of a consumptive was regarded as the certain victim of an inexorable fate. The new science brings him new hope—tells him that if he will live as he should the chances are in his favor. Only recently has tuberculosis been proved an infectious disease and treated as such. This discovery alone has saved untold lives and upon its practical recognition depend millions more.

Infinite pathos lurked in the old idea that for the rich patient, who could seek high altitudes, there was reprieve—for the poor man, death. Nowadays we know that pure air is the curative agent; that the poor man may find as sure a cure upon his own roof or in a near-by suburb as the wealthy one can seek in the table-lands of Colorado. With the open-air treatment is coupled a scientific diet of meat and eggs and other foodstuffs rich in nitrogen, which have the effect of fortifying the system and increasing its resisting power.

Hospital authorities who have kept records of thousands of autopsies say that a large percentage of people, dying from whatever diseases, exhibit more or less evidence of having had tuberculosis at some period of their lives. In many of these cases Nature has effected her own cure unassisted, and often without the knowledge of the sick man. It is said upon good authority that the dreaded bacilli at some time obtain entrance into the lungs of every individual. Of, say, seven thus attacked four will throw off the bacillus at once; after a longer and more serious struggle two will be eventually cured; the seventh dies.

With the treatment and cure of consumption we have but little intimate concern. That is something that must be left to the doctors. What we should know—every one of us—are the simple precautions which will enable us to escape the disease. One thing is certain: if the tubercular bacilli do not obtain foothold in our systems we shall never have tuberculosis. From this it follows that we should ever keep our bodies in a state of preparedness to resist invasions of the disease to which we are all exposed—that is, we should see to it that we eat pure food, have plenty of exercise and get our fill of sunshine and pure air.

Germany has ever been a leader in this department of medical investigation; but America has kept very close behind, and has even passed her in the practical application of the great principles discovered by her scientific men. In a word, she has done her full share in bringing well founded hope to the hopeless, and in working out a solution for one of the grim riddles of the ages.

The King on His Throne

The People and the Peerage

THEY say in London that His Majesty Edward VII is wearing out the throne by sitting on it. His love of pageantry and ceremonial is developing at a pace which is likely to render the lives of those immediately surrounding him a burden. He is never tired of presenting medals, welcoming embassies, and receiving addresses and delegations.

There is indeed a pathetic tale of a certain board of Liberty Directors with which the King, as Prince of Wales, has had a certain official connection. In their simple humility these gentlemen had not considered their position important enough to warrant, much less necessitate, a deputation and an address to congratulate His Majesty upon his accession. After a time they received, however, from a gentleman connected with the Court, a delicate intimation that the King would be gratified if they bestirred themselves. The reply was that they hoped they were not lacking in loyalty, but that, if the strict truth were told, none of them possessed a Court costume. For a moment the affair stood still. But in a few days the gentleman connected with the Court returned with an intimation, perhaps not quite so delicate, that if they did not possess Court costumes they had better purchase them. So purchase them they did, and the expense is no slight one. The deputation then presented its address of congratulation, and the King, if the newspapers which reported the ceremony are to be trusted, expressed his "heartfelt pleasure in the unexpected and spontaneous act of loyalty and devotion."

Real Coronets for the Peerage

If the British public is to pay for Royalty, Royalty is determined that the public shall have the worth of its money. And the King has a power of attention to detail which is as wonderful as it sometimes proves annoying to his household. Already the forthcoming Coronation is a topic of absorbing interest to the King, who keeps the Lord Chamberlain and his staff continually busy searching for precedents and rules. It has already been made known that the peers of the realm and their peeresses will be expected to appear in brand new coronation robes which must be of red satin, ermine barred, and not merely of cloth. Real coronets are also to be worn, either gold or silver gilt, by the pillars of the throne, and the King has much to say as to the size, shape and dimensions of all these glorious garments. It may seem premature, but it is the fact, that the still far-off Coronation occupies many minds, inquiries being already made for furnished houses, and even for seats to view the procession.

Meanwhile the King attends to all kinds of small matters of the moment. He has, for instance, put his foot down very firmly as regards "Gold Stick," the emblem, no more than a walking cane, which symbolizes the personal escort of his Household Cavalry. Each Colonel of Life Guards and Blues is "Gold Stick" in turn, and after having had a pretty easy time each, when on duty, is now expected to follow the King whenever he appears in public. "Things have been very much neglected, I find," he told one of these great officers of state the other day, "and I cannot excuse your attendance wherever I go." One "Gold Stick" is Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who has become somewhat infirm and cannot mount a horse. It will be curious to see whether he will be permitted to do his duty in a carriage.

Another of the King's duties, and one which he has shown no signs of shirking, is a general supervision of social affairs. Once, however, he was somewhat tardy with an important decision. He greatly exercised the souls of society ladies by his reluctance to decide some weighty points in the matter of dress. It was not a week before the Ascot race meeting that he finally made up his mind as to what should be worn there, half-mourning, violet, or colors. The modistes were in despair, nothing could be ordered, and it was said that no one would have "a thing to wear." Half mourning was decided upon, as the King thought that he could countenance no change before the proper expiration of Court mourning in July. And as every one likes to be at least considered as belonging to the Court, there have been very few colored gowns worn by fashionable women in London this season. In the matter of amusements the flesh would, perhaps, have been weak; but the King has kept his eye on every one and has promptly interposed his veto when he heard of any proposed party, or even small and early dance.

The Inconveniences of Royalty

Meanwhile, he does not play the hermit himself, and dines out somewhere almost every night of his life. Old stagers who know something of the Prince of Wales' ways recognize a certain high-stepping horse in a smart private brougham which has been pressed into the service of the King, and is to be seen leaving Marlborough House pretty regularly every evening.

He has been playing "bridge" a great deal lately, and hostesses have had to arrange their parties with this game in view. Of course it is a great honor to have the King to dinner, but if notice that he is coming is given only the day before, as often happens, there is sometimes considerable trouble connected with the matter. The King, of course, invites himself, and sends a list of guests, and wherever the host and hostess and any of the guests may be expected to dine the engagements must be broken. A prominent official of the state was lately giving a large and distinguished dinner to Lord Roberts, the invitations having been out for weeks. The afternoon of the day before the function the King with one swoop took away about half the people expected, by putting their names on a list for dinner the following evening. American hostesses can imagine the condition of mind of the unfortunate dinner-giver bereft of her guests, and congratulate themselves on not being liable to the devastations of a Royal "Command."

It is a little difficult to explain to Americans the curious attitude in England toward the private life of the sovereign. As far as the public prints go he might be a man without a fault, not even a foible. Unless to describe him as perfection writers do not dip their pens in ink. It is an enormous change since the days of the Georges, when such an article as caused the confiscation of the "Irish People" would scarcely have been noticed. There has been, in fact, during the last quarter of a century a curious recrudescence of faith in monarchical institutions in England. Twenty-five years ago it used to be said commonly in America, and certain phases of English political thought may have justified the belief, that the Prince of Wales would never be King; that when Queen Victoria died England would become a republic. But England has in the interval definitely decided that she wants the monarchy. You can explain it by saying that it was found that there could be full as much freedom under a monarchy as in a republic. Or you may say that modern snobbishness refused to give up a sun to whose brilliancy it could turn its adoring eyes. At any rate, so far as printed utterances go, the King, perhaps more as the sovereign than as a mere man, is made only the object of continual praise. And indeed, the position, although some people may call it hypocritical, is on the whole more dignified than any other.

On the other hand, let it not be imagined that in private conversation in almost any class of society King Edward's subjects keep at any great distance from his character and daily occupations. Talk is free enough. One of the pleasures of having a King is that there is gossip about him—something beyond the sugary anecdotes which formed the only fare during the reign of Queen Victoria. One of the amusing stories of the new reign is that of the King's gift to one of his friends.

A Debt the King will not Settle

A certain Countess, whose amicable relations with him have been of long standing, was told one day that His Majesty wished to make her a present. "I should like to give you something," he said. "Go to my jeweler's and pick out something you like, for, say, a thousand guineas, and have it sent to me. Pick out two or three things you like, in fact; have them all sent to me and I will make the final choice."

The lady repaired in joyous haste to Regent Street and proceeded to inspect tiaras, necklaces and *riviéres*. But unfortunately there was nothing for a thousand guineas which seemed to please her. And there was—worse luck—something at eighteen hundred guineas which was charming enough to tear the heart of any woman. The lady was tempted, hesitated, finally yielded. "Send that to His Majesty, and tell him it is the same price as the others. I will pay the difference to you privately. Only you must be sure to make him choose it."

The jeweler waited on the King with the jewels. It was not difficult to convince him that the jewel chosen by the Countess should be kept. But when the jeweler departed he left two articles behind. It had occurred to His Majesty that there was another lady to whom he would like to be kind, so he sent away two gifts. But unfortunately the Countess' choice went to the other lady, and one of the ornaments deemed unworthy by her to the Countess—to whom also came in due time the jeweler's bill for eight hundred guineas.

The stories of the King's kindness to ladies are innumerable, but one can rarely be sure of their strict authenticity. In the fierce glare that beats upon a throne, a smile from its occupant is construed as meaning volumes. And King Edward is publicly discreet. It was the more amusing, therefore, that the accident which happened to Shamrock II while His Majesty was aboard should have brought inevitably into great prominence the fact that among the very few guests on the yacht was the lady who is supposed particularly to attract the King.

The Old High Hat

By Joe Lincoln

Thrown out here on the rubbish heap,
Dusty, battered and dented deep—
Style, the pattern of 'fifty-three—
My! old hat, you're a sight to see!

Cleanin' house and yer had ter go?
Well, that's nateral, don't yer know?
Hats and men, that have had their day,
Have ter git if they're in the way.

Changed a little we have, I swan!
Since that night when I put yer on,
New and shiny and grand and tall,
And took Her to the fancy ball.

Mind the walk from the hall that night?
Moon a shinin' so big and bright,
And she sayin'—with arm in mine—
How becomin' you are, and fine!

Hum-a-day! that was long ago.
Now she thinks you're a perfect show,
And the children are laffin' at
Grandad here and his old high hat.

Time don't linger fer man nor tile,
Hats and heads they go out of style,
Have ter pass and make way fer new—
That's as sartin fer me as you.

Come, old feller, I'll take yer in,
Hang yer up on the nail agin;
Fer, though now we are worn and gray,
We've *been* somebody, ain't we, hey?

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

The many merits of Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder are not confined to the toilet purposes of ladies and infants. For the athlete it supplies a grateful and cooling relief after exercise. For shavers, its unequalled antiseptic properties prevent razor rash and soothes the irritating effects of close shaving and the use of impure soap.

Look for Mennen's Face on the Cover of the Box

That insures the genuine Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder—the only powder that affords instant relief from sunburn, prickly heat, chafed skin, chapped hands, nettle rash and all disorders of the skin. Indispensable for the baby. A boon to women.

Refuse any of the many cheap imitations, which contain injurious substances and should be carefully avoided.

Sold Everywhere or Mailed for 25c

A sample will be sent free to any reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY
8 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.

Thompson's Progress—The Rise of a Self-Made Man—By Cutcliffe Hyne

(Continued from [illegible])

over this trouble with the hands, and setting the mill running once more, I'll do the handsome thing by you. Come, lad, you like brass; you've said so: I'll give you twenty pounds.

"Now, once for all, Hophni, what I'll take for the job is a half partnership, and no less. It isn't much to ask, the mill you rent, the machinery you paid for in bills at six months, and most of your other assets are liabilities; but I offer you that bargain because I think you really mean getting ahead, lad."

"Oh, you've discovered that, have you?"

"If you want to know when, it was that day you set the keeper and Robert on me and Clara on t' moor. It was you that followed us there. I hadn't given you credit for so much cleverness outside your own narrow little line, Hophni. Look here, I know Bradford manufacturing trade as well as you do yourself, and all the other trades of the district a sight better. You'd better have me with you now than against you afterward."

You don't get a share of a business like this that way, my lad."

"A business like this? Pooh! I shall have a concern as big as this running just for the export trade to Germany a year after I've begun."

"Germany! What do you know about Germany? Cats and dogs and poaching I believe you understand, but dress goods to Germany!"

"I've been lodging with a German for three months and better. I've a memory like you know, and he's been learning me the language. I can talk German to that chap now as easy as I can talk good plain Yorkshire to you."

Hophni was obviously struck with this, but he pulled back his interest with an effort of temper. "Be done with your talk and get outside this mill. A workman you are and a workman you'll remain unless you make your way up by degrees from the bottom like your betters did before you. Away with you now, and let's hear no more of this."

Tom got up, stretched good humoredly, and scratched Clara's head with an affectionate forefinger. "All right, Hophni; but don't forget I've given you the offer. I said I would, and now I may as well tell her you prefer to be banked to having anything to do with me."

"Tell her? Tell who?"

"Louisa. Why, who do you think?"

Hophni Asquith's white face got, if anything, still whiter. "What have you been doing with her?"

"Oh, I've known the lass ever since she was as high as a bobbin skep."

"Is there—is there anyhing between you, then?"

"We're very good friends, that's all, and I'd like to see her well wed."

Hophni moistened his lips. "You know I've asked her, then?"

"Who doesn't?"

"I'd be a good husband to her. I'd let her spend t' brass. I care for her more than you think, Tom. And I know how she is to me. But I don't mind about that. It would all come right, once we were wed."

"Don't see how you could well marry just after you'd filed your petition."

"No."

"And you know best whether she'd wait for you."

Hophni dropped his ghastly face into his hands. He did not say anything. He did not even groan. But Tom saw that he appreciated the full hardness of the difficulty.

Tom let fall a hand lightly on his shoulder. "Why fail at all, lad?"

"I mustn't. I daren't. I'd lose her if I did, and I can't do that. Tom, lad, but you don't know what that lass is to me. You're all smiles and jokes and laughs with all the women, but ye don't care a rap for one of them yet. One day you will, and then you'll understand. Ay, whether t' lass cares for you or not, you'll know how it fair tears t' heart out of you to think of losing her."

He turned to the desk, picked up pen and paper and wrote furiously. "Here's the partnership for you. You'll want it in writing, I suppose, and if you get me through this trouble we can have it set out all legal and fair later. And if we do not it will be so much waste paper, for the business will be gone, and Louisa will be gone (and I don't blame her), and I shall try the Colonies. Now, let's hear your plan."

"Well, we'd better doff our coats and be up and moving. There's too much time slipped by with talking already."

They toiled then with skilled fingers and frenzied energy. Night had fallen, black and moonless, and they carried lanterns to light them at their work. In the mill yard a glow of lit fires came from the boiler house, and from the top of the lofty stack smoke rolled forth in lavish billows.

The rioters did not come to their work cold-blooded. They had warmed themselves first with the beverage sold at the Bird o' Freedom, and with the fervid eloquence of an article in that morning's Spectator; and when at last, to the music of the Marseillaise as delivered from a battery of concertinas, they formed up into a solid regiment in the street, they were ripe for any mischief that might occur to them, and had the pleasant comfort of numbers.

The mill, after the architecture of those days, which paid little heed to light and ventilation, was already something of a fortress. On three sides it was built in with houses; only the fourth side, which flanked the street, remained to be defended. Here the point of attack was really confined to a massive gateway, wide enough for a pair of wh[illegible]s.

Windows there were, to be sure, on the ground floor, but the glass in these had been smashed at the first outbreak of the strike, and staunch iron bars kept out the human invader. They builded strongly in such matters in the fifties.

The attacking force knew all this quite well, but they had confidence in their weight and numbers. The big gates were comparatively flimsy, and once these were down they surely could rush through in the face of any opposition, and do their work with thoroughness. So the crowd marched on, vaingloriously, singing their anthem with fine musical effect.

As they drew nearer, the faint, laundrylike smell of wet steam met them, and some began to sniff curiously. It could only come from Asquith's mill, and the boiler fires there had been drawn ever since the beginning of the strike. When the next angle of the street showed them that the gates were open, and in place of darkness there was a good healthy glow of a bonfire, they began to suspect that there was some trap laid here. But though the song stopped, the rioters did not. The front ranks certainly did see the prudence of halting for a reconnoissance, but those behind pressed on without consulting their convenience. A Spectator reporter, in front, loudly complained of the lawlessness of mobs.

They surged around the front of the gate-way, and there in the light of the fire another surprise was dished up for them. Instead of the slender, white-faced Asquith, whom they detested, there was that burly young Thompson, whom most of them knew and many of them liked. Beside him was an ugly, powerful-looking mongrel dog. The apparatus in front of him, gently leaking gray pencils of steam from many ill-made joints, needed no explanation to them. They worked for their living in the near neighborhood of steam every day, and they fell instinctively to criticising the hasty workmanship of the men who had uncoupled the main steam-pipe from the engines of Hophni's mill, and led it direct from the boiler to this horrible sprinkler contrivance which threatened the doorway like a park of artillery.

Nothing was said. They stood there in the glare of the bonfire, swaying, muttering and beginning to fear, and then from somewhere amongst their feet a little black kitten ran out, mewing with fright, right into the open before the steam-pipe.

Tom saw it, too, and snapped his fingers alluringly. The black kitten, with a kitten's instinct, recognized a friend and capered lumberingly up. Tom stretched out a dirty gentle hand and gathered it in. For a moment or two he stroked the kitten into confidence again, then turning, pitched it deftly out of harm's way through the open doorway of the mill behind him. After which he turned again and put hands on the throttle valve of the murderous steam-pipe in front of him.

Then he laughed and said: "Now, what do you chaps think you're going to do with my [illegible]?"

We have no agents or branch stores. All orders should be sent direct to us

Reduced Prices ON Suits and Skirts

IF you act quickly, you will be able to secure a splendid suit or skirt, suitable either for Summer or [illegible] wear, at [illegible] less than regular [illegible] prices.

Suits and Skirts made to order of brand-new materials at one-third less than regular prices.

This Sale will end, now [illegible], in a few weeks, so you must be prompt. [illegible] Our Catalogue is full of [illegible] tells of offers [illegible]

Suits, former price $10, reduced to $6.67

$12 Suits reduced to $8

$15 Suits reduced to $10

$20 Suits reduced to $13.34

Skirts, former price $5, reduced to $3.34

$6 Skirts reduced to $4

$7.50 Skirts reduced to $5. $10 Skirts reduced to $6.67

Rainy-Day Skirts, former price $6, reduced to $4

$7.50 Skirts reduced to $5

[illegible] on Wash Suits or Skirts,

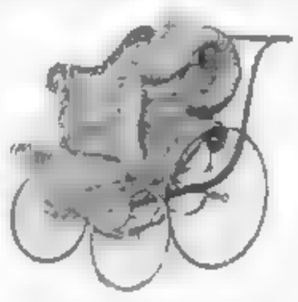
Wash Suits, $4 up. Wash Skirts, $3 up

We are also closing out Sample Suits and Skirts *at one-half of regular prices.*

Write to-day for Catalogue, Bargain List and Reduced Price Samples; you will get them free by return mail. If the garment which you select does not please you, send it back [illegible] *refund your money.*

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, NEW YORK.

If baby's enjoyment



[illegible] of these [illegible] after [illegible]

"Bloch" Reclining Go-cart

Easily adjusted [illegible] to any [illegible] tal[illegible] 1, 2 [illegible] dorsed by physicians. Over [illegible] ride from [illegible]

Write for book, free, illustrating different styles and giving cost.

Invalid Chairs

[illegible] and less than [illegible]. Write for photo-[illegible] tions.

If dealer won't supply, write [illegible] factory. Freight paid east of Mississippi.

Philadelphia Baby Carriage Factory

[illegible] est Baby Carriage [illegible] Invalid and Reclining Chairs.

713 and 715 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia

The Regina Music Boxes

"CHARMING THE HOURS WITH MELODY"

REGINA Music Boxes

are superior to all others in sweetness and great volume of tone.

They play thousands of tunes as desired and run half an hour at one winding, delighting old and young with their ready melody. They are rich in finish [illegible] design, and [illegible] easy in action. The Regina is the only guaranteed Music Box. Prices, $10.00 to $400.00.

[illegible] also gives lists of new music [illegible] ready. A [illegible]

REGINA MUSIC BOX COMPANY

Regina Bldg., New York. 420 Market St., St. Louis

EASTMAN'S
WD
Platinum
Paper

Not only "like platinum" but *"is Platinum"*

Prints quickly; develops in hot water and clears in acid and water. Rich and brilliant in its effects.

Simplest *for the* Amateur

For sale by all dealers

Eastman Kodak Co.
Rochester, New York

In all Climes at all Times

its accurate adjustment takes the

ELGIN
WATCH

most reliable. Factory tested by refrigerator and oven heat as per formance is perfect any where and any time.

Elgin National Watch Co.
Elgin, Ill.

Chicago Musical College

ESTABLISHED 1867 — DR. F. ZIEGFELD, President — Chicago, Ill.
New COLLEGE BUILDING, 202 Michigan Boul

SCHOOL OF ACTING — MUSIC — Elocution, Modern Languages

BOARD OF MUSICAL DIRECTORS
Dr. F. Ziegfeld, Hans Von Schiller, Dr. Louis Falk
William Castle, Bernhard Listemann, S. E. Jacobsohn
Rudolph Ganz, Charles Gauthier, Herman Devries
Hart Conway, *Director School of Acting*

36th SEASON BEGINS SEPTEMBER 9

The Chicago Musical College is the largest and most complete

New Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free

Sale—Applications for the 87 free and 150 partial scholarships will be received until August 20

Perfection Combined with Simplicity

$5.00

Columbia Zither

"The Easy to Play"

The Phonharp Co., Dept. 152 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

Do You Write Ads?
It Will Save You Money, Time, Work, Worry
Harper Syndicate, Columbus, Ohio

A hundred angry voices glad at having the chance of speech, howled back the answer "Asquith's mill!"

Tom waited for silence again, and when they had bawled themselves out, "Partly Asquith's, of course," said he, "because Asquith still retains an interest but partly mine. In fact you might say it belongs to each of us, because I've bargained for a half partnership. Now, what you intended to do with Mr. Asquith's mill property does not concern me. But it seems to me that some of you there look as if you want to spoil property that's mine. Well, lads, when I get my fingers into a pie it's going to be my pie, and if anybody tries to take it away from me they'll get hurt. See that?"

He delivered this speech in the full breadth of the vernacular and with a smiling face. But the big, dogged jaw of him, and the knowledge that those scalding steam-jets would instantly play on them if the throttle were opened, stopped any attempt at a rush by those in front. There were other orators though, in the snug security of rear ranks who were "by no means satisfied by this brusque change of front. "What abaht t' new looms?" they shouted. "Will ye promise to brak' t' new looms?

"Certainly I will not," said Tom. "I'll even promise you to double the number of them within six months' time. And because why? Because those new looms have come to stay. If they were not used here they would be used at Halifax and the other towns, and the trade would follow them and leave Bradford. I don't choose that that should be so; I'm going to run them here, and if I can't get hands from Bradford, I'm going to bring them in from Halifax; yes, or from France; and if necessary I will lodge them in the mill and give them guns to keep out interferers. And do you know what else I'm going to have with my workpeople here? I'm going to have none but first-class weavers, and I'm going to have none that don't want to earn high wages. Bradford weavers have been content to earn from eight to ten shillings a week up to now. I've been a workman all my life, at one trade or another, and I know——"

"Ay, that's true enough."

"Well, a weaver that can't earn eighteen to twenty shillings in Thompson & Asquith's shed won't be asked to stay."

"Tha 'rt bahn to revise t' wages?"

"Certainly we are. The new loom will turn out double quantity if it's properly worked, and there'll be just one weaver in the gait between each pair of looms. If that does not mean four times the old output I'm no scholar. You needn't let those Bird o' Freedom chaps squawk to you about over production. Knock off their beer, and let them produce a bit of something more solid than talk themselves for a change. I'll sell the stuff. Half the markets haven't been touched by Bradford goods so far, and the other half haven't been given what they want."

There is nothing so hysterical as a crowd. A girl plucked the shawl from over her head and waved it in the air. "By Gov, Tom," she screilled, "I'll work for that lot!" And promptly a score of others joined in the cry. The mob tenders in front were quick to catch the changed humor of their following. They began to edge away out of the firelight lest they should be recognized and remembered to their future detriment. Presently, "It's late; let's be getting home," was the suggestion that was being passed about, and from out of the flickering light of the bonfire they dissolved away, till the last rat-tattle of the clogs faded in the distance. Clara, the unbeautiful, lifted up her mouth and yawned elaborately, and the black kitten came out from the mill door and rubbed her head against Tom's boot.

Tom caught the infection from Clara and yawned also. "Hophni," he said, "you may leave tending that fire, and shut the gates. The strike is dead. It'll take t' engineer all to-morrow to get boiler coupled on again. There are few men in Bradford that can work on steam pipes as you and I have done these last few hours. I'll sleep with you i' t' office after I've washed me. You haven't a spare pair of trousers you could lend me? These are fair ruined with that white lead, and I hate being filthy."

"No, I haven't," said Hophni wearily, "and if the only cash outlay you make for your partnership is a pair of trousers you're getting it cheap."

Tom laughed. "I like a bargain, lad. But as the bargain's driven now, I don't mind giving you a bit back. I'll come in handsome for a wedding present for Louisa when you marry her."

PREMO AND POCO CAMERAS

A Vacation loses half its interest without a camera to picture scenes and incidents.

Premo and Poco cameras are famous for the satisfactory results they give—they are plate cameras of the finest quality, compact and complete.

For sale by all dealers.

Send for 1901 Catalogue. Address Dept. 159

Rochester Optical & Camera Co.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
The Largest Manufacturers of Plate Cameras in the World.

Perfection and Simplicity Combined

What's Your Salary?

Would a fuller knowledge of your

A year's subscription

The Counter
260 Greene Street, N.Y.

SPECIAL OFFER. Three months' trial subscription for 10 cents. Subscription agents wanted in every town. Liberal cash commissions.

Elastic Stockings
PATENT SEAMLESS HEEL

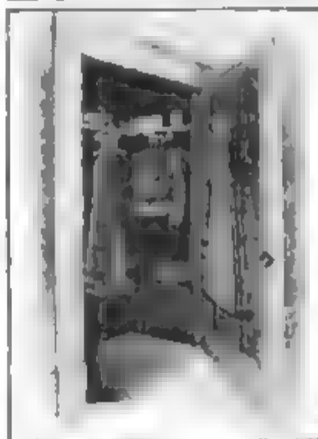
Quickly overcome Leg Swellings, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Weak and Swollen Joints, Inflamed and Rheumatic Conditions

manufacturers' prices.

Our Stockings are peculiar in this—they FIT and WEAR WELL.

Send for catalogue, with directions for self measurement, prices, etc.

CURTIS & SPINDELL COMPANY, Alley Block, LYNN, MASS.



CLOTHES will not Bag, Sag, or Wrinkle if you use the Setwell Folding Closet Set

MAKIE LOVEJOY MFG. CO.
84 North Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.

Write To-day

for our list of income-paying securities. It will prove valuable in the selection of sound investments.

We deal in high-grade securities exclusively.

E. H. GAY & CO.
BOSTON, DEVONSHIRE
NEW YORK, NASSAU ST.
PHILADELPHIA, 421 CHESTNUT ST.
MONTREAL, NEW CITY BLK.

"Don't shout"

"I hear you. I can hear you as well as anybody."

"How?" Oh, some thing new—The Morley Ear-drum. It's a delight in my ears now, but you can't see 'em—the wire, the battery, myself, only what I hear is right."

The Morley Ear-drum is invisible, comfortable, safe. Adjusted by any one. Write for a describing and illustrating booklet FREE.

THE MORLEY CO., Department T
N. E. Cor. 16th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia

100 VISITING CARDS 35c

Latest and correct styles and sizes. Our [illegible]

CARD STYLE" FREE!

Business and professional [illegible] WEB-DING ANNOUNCEMENTS [illegible]

SAMPLES SENT & LIVE AGENTS WANTED. DEPT. B2, ST. LOUIS, MO.

EUROPE

Sailings Boston [illegible]

DOMINION LINE
For QUEENSTOWN and LIVERPOOL

S. S. Commonwealth, 13,000 tons, New England 11,600 tons; Canada, 9,000 tons.

Dominion Line, 77 State St., Boston, or 69 Dearborn St., Chicago

MAN sitting in DARKNESS — The Students Story

Making Successful Ad. Men

My class is limited to 100 — and I give each student my personal attention. My [illegible] other courses [illegible] of the writer, his [illegible] and the experiences told by students, sent free to [illegible]

E·ST·ELMO·LEWIS Advertising Specialist 518 WALNUT ST·Phila·

WILEY SANITARY
Flesh Brush

10c — For the Bath — 3 for 25c

[illegible] or by mail, prepaid. [illegible] horsehair. Used [illegible] a glow to the skin; never, makes a perfect wash cloth.

THE WM. R. WILEY & SON CO.
Box 41, Hartford, Conn.

GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS

[illegible]

GUYOT BROS., 621 Broadway, N. Y. City

RECIPE for making the MOST DELICIOUS ICE CREAM mailed free

Kingery Mfg. Co., Household Department
181 E. Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

CAMERA

Catalogue and sample print of Photo Enlargement 11x14 in. size, Free

THE FRANKLIN CO., 788-792 Superior Street, Toledo, Ohio

PATENT SECURED in [illegible] returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book, [illegible] latest publication ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent [illegible]

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Writing Paper By the Pound

"Double the quantity for same money than by the quire or box"

We originated the system—to [illegible] we are probably the largest Retail Stationers and Social Engravers in the world. Don't order Engraved

Wedding, Reception or Tea Invitations

Without writing for our samples—correct in form, quality and style, and *far below the usual price*

Writing Paper! Visiting Cards! Monogram and Address Dies!

The latest color effects for stamping paper. Do you want to keep posted on what is correct and how to procure it for half what others ask? We send

A BOOK ON SOCIAL FORMS **FREE**

Containing Specimens of the Latest Papers, Styles, Monograms, Engraving, Visiting Cards, Menus and Novelties. Drop us a postal for the beautiful *Monogram Die Absolutely Free.*

WM. H. HOSKINS CO., Inc.
908 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

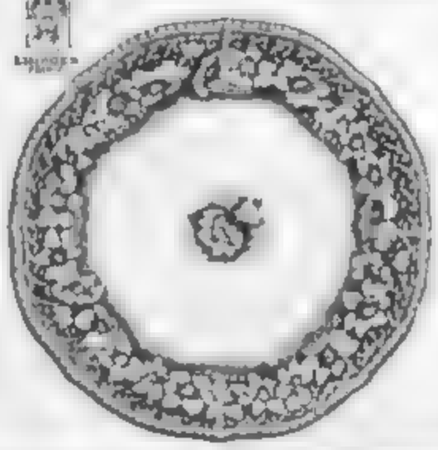
RUBIFOAM
DELICIOUS FOR THE TEETH

Pleasure in using makes RUBIFOAM no less efficient in its action upon teeth, mouth and gums.

All druggists sell RUBIFOAM —25 cents.

For FREE SAMPLE address E. W. HOYT & COMPANY, Lowell, Mass

"Elite" China

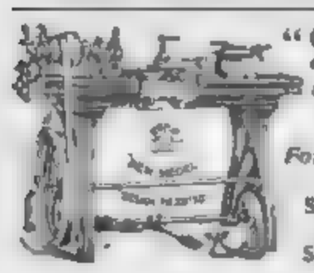


Have you looked [illegible] trading ship yet? If you have been [illegible] attractiveness of the [illegible] patterns. Shop [illegible]

"Limoges—Its People—Its China"

is interesting reading after perusing gladly mail a copy

BAWO & DOTTER, "Limoges" Dept., 26 to 32 Barclay St., N. Y.



"Star" Foot and Power Screw Cutting Automatic Cross Feed Lathes

For Fine, Accurate Work

Send for Catalogue B.

SENECA FALLS MFG. CO.
248 Water Street
Seneca Falls, N. Y., U. S. A.

Men & Women of the Hour

A Fresh-Air Governor

Mr. George P. McLean, Governor of Connecticut, is a believer in young men. He is a young man himself, and at the age of forty-three he has plucked the largest plum from the political tree of his State. "The young man of to-day," says the Governor, "must sleep with his window up. He must breathe fresh air and pure air, and never forget that liberty is as necessary to social respiration as oxygen is to his own."

Governor McLean believes in the application of the fresh air principle to morals, to industry, to politics and to all the relations of life, and his personality is as invigorating as the northwest wind. His theory is that the social organism should ever be supplied with the oxygen of large individual freedom.

"Monopoly and socialism," he said the other day, "are chains from different anvils, but they are both made for slaves and will never be worn under the Stars and Stripes. The men who are filling the vats of capital with water in which to duck an unsuspecting public should bear in mind that they are preparing excellent facilities for their own submersion whenever they deserve it."

The Governor puts fresh air into his work. He subscribes to the dogma of keeping everlastingly at it. For the drones and laggards of society he has only contempt. A man of means himself, he recognizes and affirms the obligations of wealth, and there, again, his fresh-air creed has opportunity to operate. "The time is coming," he declares, "when the stingy rich and the lazy poor will foot up the same in the balance sheet of public estimation. The costly mausoleums of the greedy will then serve to perpetuate ridicule and contempt for bones that in the Potter's Field might be charitably forgotten."

Governor McLean preaches and practices the gospel of optimism. He is an enthusiastic admirer of his own State. "Mention the name of a great American," is the way he puts it, "and the chances are almost even that you will find his grandfather's cradle or his grandmother's spinning-wheel in some garret in Connecticut." He is an ardent believer in his country and in his country's destiny. "I don't care how fast we move," he says, "if we go in the right direction."

The Governor was born in a country town—and that's where he acquired his fresh-air notions. Although his law office is in Hartford he continues to sleep (with his window up) in the little village of Simsbury. After he received his sheepskin from the High School he became a newspaper reporter, and the fresh air principle was visible in his breezy and entertaining work. Then he plunged into law, politics and legislation, and was shortly recognized as one of the dominating forces in the State committee of his party. As a legislator his first distinguished public service was in securing the enactment of a law creating a State Board of Pardons. He possesses attractive personal qualities and has a wide acquaintance with public men.

Opie Read's "Aim" in Life

Mr. Opie Read's favorite pastime is target shooting, and he is as expert with the rifle as with the pen. With his friend, Mr. Stanley Waterloo, he spent a summer ranging the hills about Hot Springs, Arkansas. If the traditions of his marksmanship still current among the proprietors of the numerous shooting galleries about that resort are to be accepted, the author of "A Kentucky Colonel" "lived off his rifle" as truly as did ever the most resourceful and self reliant mountaineer.

Shortly after his arrival he discovered a gallery which displayed as targets rows of silver dollars with each dollar suspended by a string. These were to be the prizes of the patron who had the skill to cut the threads with rifle shots. Having more skill than ready money, Mr. Read saw an opportunity to improve his financial condition. He raised the rifle to his shoulder and did not put it down until the thread holding each coin had been cut. Pocketing the spoils he proceeded to another shooting gallery and repeated the feat. Soon, however, his fame as a marksman spread until not a gallery dared expose one of the silver targets. Then he took a long tramp among the mountains and remained away until the rumor that he had left the Springs for good gained acceptance.

WHEATLET

TASTES LIKE

"MORE"

so everybody says. It makes children healthy, chubby and strong. For breakfast, dinner or supper it is liked by all classes, young and old, because of

Its delicious, nutty flavor—
The variety of ways it can be prepared—
Its strength-giving qualities—
Its inexpensiveness.

It is easy of digestion, easy to cook, and makes the task of pleasing an epicure easy also. As a breakfast food, pudding cereal, pancake or muffin flour, it is unsurpassed. Try it.

If your grocer does not have it, send us his name and your order [illegible] that you are supplied.

MADE ONLY BY
The Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y.

The Flat Clasp

is the feature that has made the Brighton Garter (*for men*) famous. The only garter you can wear with perfect comfort and security, *because* it's the only garter made on the flat principle. Best silk elastic. In all colors and newest patterns. 25c. pair from all dealers

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
716 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRIGHTON SILK GARTER

A KNIFE THAT WILL CUT AND HOLD AN EDGE

No. 118, 2 blades, $1.20 Agents
No. 120, 3 blades, 1.60 Wanted
No. 122, 4 blades, 1.85 Everywhere

Send 2 ct. stamp for circular and terms.

Novelty Cutlery Co., 17 Bar Street, Canton, O.

DO NOT STAMMER YOU CAN BE CURED

"50 Years a Stammerer"

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTE FOR STAMMERERS
1023 and 1018 Spring Garden St., Phila.
EDWIN S. JOHNSTON, Founder and President
Summer Sessions at Atlantic City from May to September

HAPPYFOOT
Hair Insoles
Special Summer Weight

Keep the feet cool and dry. Make walking a pleasure. Relieve tender, corns, perspiring feet, rheumatic [illegible]

If not at your [illegible]

The DR. M. WILEY & SON CO., Box 41, Hartford, Conn.

"A Twist of the Wrist"

WESLEY BOTTLE BRUSH cooling 15c

[illegible] Water Bottles, reaching every [illegible]

Bottles magically [illegible] or coin for sample to ARTHUR W. MAHA, Patentee, 61 Park Place, Dept. D, New York

Acetylene Safety

Is [illegible] greater than with city gas where [illegible] is employed. It stops making gas [illegible] stop using gas. Four sizes, $15 to $1000. Write for our literature.

The COLT Carbide Feed Generator

Is based on [illegible] correct and approved [illegible] of making acetylene in small [illegible] volume of water. It is [illegible] and [illegible]

THE J. B. COLT COMPANY
21 Barclay Street, Dept. G, New York

A fashion magazine for men—why not?

More than that—treats of his pipe, his book, his glass, his sport, his manners, his chafing dish, etc.

Coming—about September.

Copy, 10c; year, $1; 3 mos. to try, 25c; money back if you don't like it.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, CHICAGO.

EXPERTS ON FRICTION

SAY that

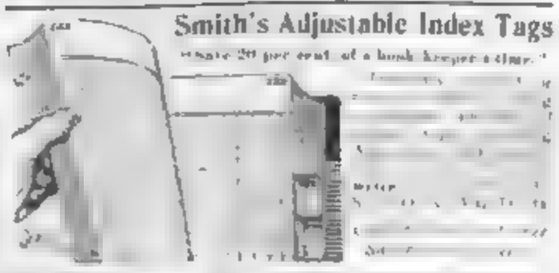
DIXON'S

Cycle Chain Graphite and Graphitoleo

[illegible] Nothing will make your wheel run so easily. When not obtainable will send [illegible] ple for 10 cents. *Don't fail to try it.*

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Jersey City, N. J.

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags



Depart. 4 CHAS. C. SMITH, PATTEE, NEBRASKA

DO YOU STAMMER

Stammering [illegible] Sent FREE to any person [illegible] ing treatment, for 6c. in [illegible]

The Lewis School for Stammerers, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

BRAIN TICKLERS MENTAL NUTS KNOTS

HOME SUPPLY COMPANY, Box 688, 132 Nassau Street, New York.

ECONOMY

and ease of preparation go together to make frozen desserts the favorites in households that make use of a

Triple Motion

White Mountain

ICE CREAM FREEZER

"FROZEN DAINTIES" *FREE*

A handsome book that gives 50 choice recipes for ice creams and ices, also directions for making, moulding and keeping ice cream, and general instructions as to care and use of Freezer.

The White Mountain Freezer Co. Dept. D. Nashua, N. H.

THE American Wringer Co's

IT'S ALL IN THE RUBBER

Pure rubber rolls make HORSESHOE BRAND WRINGERS last longer and wring more evenly and drier than any other brand. They save the clothes and buttons. Every roll and wringer bears our name and guarantee.

The Patent Improved Guide Board does away with hand spreading.

Mirth-provoking novelty, "It's All in the Rubber," free on postal request. Address Dept. 32.

The American Wringer Co., 99 Chambers St., N. Y.

KNOX'S GELATINE

mixed with fresh fruit makes a delightful and simple summer dessert. Full directions in my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," which I will mail FREE if you will send your grocer's name and a 2-cent stamp. For 5c. in stamps, the book and full pint sample. For 15c., the book and full 2-quart package (two for 25c.) which will make two quarts (a half gallon) of jelly and confident pink color for fancy desserts.

CHAS. B. KNOX 53 East Av., Johnstown, N. Y.

SUMMER HOMES IN VERMONT

AND ON

Lake Champlain

$4.00 and upward per week. Send 4c. postage for Illustrated Book.

A. W. ECCLESTONE, S. P. A. 385 Broadway, New York

New Buggy, $25.50

(With Top $33.00.) We manufacture a full line of Buggies, Carriages and Harness, all latest styles. Superior quality. Prices defy competition. The entire product of two enormous factories. Sold direct to the consumer only. Saves Dealers' Profit. Sent on approval. Your money back if not satisfied. Write immediately for SPECIAL OFFER.

UNION BUGGY COMPANY, 402 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

"QUICK" BUGGY AND WAGON JACK

Lifts Carriages, Wagons and heavy articles around home. Strong, Simple, Compact. Malleable iron and hard wood. Price reasonable. Big money maker for good agents. Easy terms. Free Samples.

Write for Catalogue.

QUICK MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 01, Galion, Mich.

and the rows of dollars again made their appearance on the target lines. Suddenly he returned, and before the surprised proprietor could haul down his financial offerings he stepped inside the first gallery that came in his way and exclaimed:

"Gimme that rifle, man! I want just one more 'possum dinner before I go!" And he won his feast at the point of the gun!

A Fable for Fathers-in-Law

Minister Wu Ting-fang, the Ambassador of China to the United States, was one of a number of speakers at the Presentation Day exercises of the Gallaudet College for the Deaf, recently.

Mr. Wu frankly confessed to some degree of embarrassment, this being his first experience in addressing an audience composed largely of deaf persons. He further intimated that the presence of the president of the college by his side, interpreting his remarks, sentence by sentence, to the mutes, was not calculated to lessen his discomposure.

Mr. Wu declared that deafness, though a handicap, is not so serious an affliction as is commonly supposed, and further, that the mysterious law of compensation steps in and bestows other talents and blessings.

Continuing, the Minister said: "To most of us a little deafness at times would be a distinct advantage. I can, perhaps, more clearly illustrate this point by relating a Chinese story.

"About twelve hundred years ago a revolution raged in China, and the reigning king retained his throne chiefly through the sagacity and valor of one of his generals. The king deeply felt his obligation to the general, and in token of his gratitude consented that his daughter should wed the general's son.

"The wedding was duly solemnized and the happy young couple commenced housekeeping in their own home. For a time everything was harmonious; then the course of true love became disturbed, as it sometimes does even at this advanced date in America. The young wife became haughty and referred to her ancestry; she was the king's daughter, while her husband was only the son of a general. The young man, nettled at this, reminded his wife that but for the aid of his father she would be the outcast daughter of a deposed king and that he was therefore as good as she.

"The young wife hurried to the king and poured the sad tale of her woes into his ear, not forgetting to emphasize her husband's allusion to him.

"The youth went to his father and told what he had said about the king.

"The general was instantly overwhelmed with the gravest apprehensions, fearing the vengeance of the king when he should learn of the treasonable utterances of the young man, and he made great haste to call upon his sovereign to forestall punishment.

"The king listened to all the general had to say, and then, in a fatherly way and with a twinkle in his eye, remarked:

"'That's all right, general. We fathers and mothers of young married folk must be deaf and dumb a good deal of the time.'"

The Concerts at Skibbereen

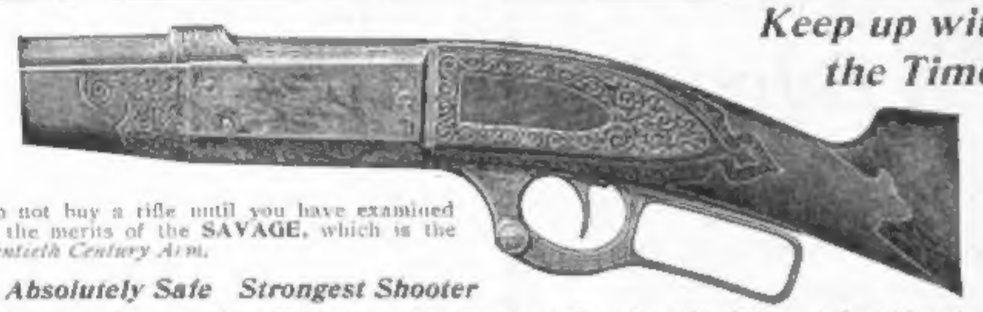
Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan, a San Francisco tenor, now resident in London, gives with true Irish sentiment an annual concert for charity at Skibbereen, Ireland, the birthplace of his parents, and a place in which they were always greatly interested.

Going out to California with the famous Forty-Niners, Mr. O'Sullivan, the father of the tenor, sent word back to his native town, when fortune came, that he wished every case of absolute want in Skibbereen to be relieved throughout the year, and to draw on him for the needed amount.

This was done; and later, in their wills, both Mr. O'Sullivan and his wife left as much to Skibbereen as their changed fortunes would allow.

Not being able to keep up the precedent, but being of just as generous a temperament, Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan gives each year a concert at Skibbereen for the same charitable object. The people turn out on his arrival, and the mayor and a brass band meet him at the railway station. The concert, which takes place in the town hall, is always made up of old Irish songs, many of them now rarely heard, and the tears that mark some faces among those present are for other memories, perhaps, than those awakened by knowledge of the good that the proceeds of the entertainment will accomplish.

Keep up with the Times



Do not buy a rifle until you have examined into the merits of the **SAVAGE**, which is the *Twentieth Century Arm.*

Absolutely Safe Strongest Shooter

Only hammerless repeating rifle in the world. Constructed to shoot **Six Different Cartridges** in one rifle. Adapted for *Grizzly Bears and Rabbits.* We guarantee every ***SAVAGE RIFLE*** .303 and 30-30 calibers. *Write for our handsome new Catalogue "R."*

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, Utica, New York, U. S. A.

Awarded Grand Gold Medal at Paris, Beating All Competitors.

BAKER & HAMILTON, San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal., Pacific Coast Agents.

B. ELDREDGE AUTOMATIC

The Best All-Around Family Sewing Machine Made.

Easy Running, High Speed, Simple and Silent.

SOLD AT A REASONABLE PRICE AND FULLY GUARANTEED

Send for Circular.

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

BELVIDERE, ILL.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

PARAFFINE WAX

Don't tie the top of your jelly and preserve jars in the old-fashioned way. Seal them by the new, quick, absolutely sure way—by a thin coating of pure, refined Paraffine Wax. Has no taste or odor. Is air tight and acid proof. Easily applied. Useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions with each pound cake.

Sold everywhere.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

Bicycles Below Cost

5000 High Grade guaranteed 1901 Models $10 to $18 with best equipments.

'99 and '00 MODELS, $7 to $12

Good Second Hand Wheels, best makes, in perfect riding order, $3 to $8. *Must be closed out.*

We ship anywhere on 10 days' trial without a cent in advance.

EARN A BICYCLE distributing catalogs for us. You can make money as our agent. Write at once for our Bargain List and Special Offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 117 K, Chicago

Books at Liberal Discounts

When calling please ask for MR. GRANT

Whenever you need a book, address MR. GRANT

Before buying books write for quotations. An assortment of catalogues and special slips of books at reduced prices sent for 10-cent stamp.

P. E. GRANT, Books, 28 W. 42d Street, New York

(Mention this advertisement and receive a discount.)

BOYS' PAPER FREE. If you will send names of 5 boy friends over 12 years of age we will send you The Star for three months free. Greatest boys' paper published. Address, with stamp,

THE STAR, Department 28, OAK PARK, ILLS.

"TYRIAN" EXCEL NIPPLE

No nipple can be made more carefully. Prevents colic and sickness among infants in summer. Cannot collapse.

Sold by All Druggists

Sample Nipple and our book, "Worth Reading," sent FREE for 2c. stamp.

TYER RUBBER CO., ANDOVER, MASS.

Every Boy His Own Toy Maker

Tells how to make all kinds Toys, Steam Engines, Photo Cameras, Windmills, Microscopes, Electric Telegraphs, Telephones, Magic Lanterns, Aolian Harps, Boats, from a rowboat to a schooner; also Kites, Balloons, Masks, Wagons, Toy Houses, Bow and Arrow, Pop Guns, Slings, Stilts, Fishing Tackle, Rabbit and Bird Traps, and many others. All is made so plain that a boy can easily make them. 200 handsome illustrations. This great book, by mail, 10 cents; three for 25 cents.

C. E. E. DEPUY, Publisher, Syracuse, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Crayon, Pastel, Water Color, Miniatures and Illustrating Taught by Mail

Comprehensive professional and amateur instruction. Tuition fees reduced by products of student's skill. A fertile field for woman's effort. Full particulars upon request to the

American School of Art and Photography Incorporated Box 1006, Scranton, Pa.

ORNAMENTAL LAWN FENCE

Many designs. Cheap as wood. Catalogue free. (Box B)

Coiled Spring Fence Co., Winchester, Ind.

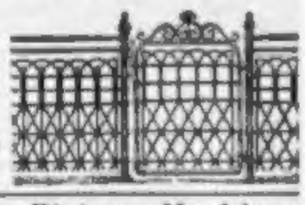
ORNAMENTAL FENCE

25 designs, all steel

Handsome, durable.—Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and cemeteries.

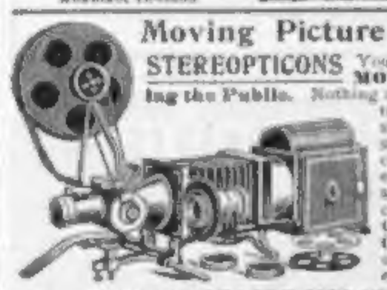
Catalogue free.

KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE CO., 459 North Street Kokomo, Indiana



Moving Picture Machines

STEREOPTICONS You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. Our Entertainment Supply Catalog and special offer fully explains everything, sent free.



CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY

225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

THOROUGH, PRACTICAL, SUCCESSFUL

Hundreds of Satisfied Pupils. Expense Small

Full information and testimonials free. For 10 cts. in stamps we send Cavalleria Rusticana Intermezzo.

Address Dept. 15, U. S. CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MUSIC 19 Union Square, New York

MUSIC

Taught by Mail at Home

Piano, Organ

Violin, Guitar

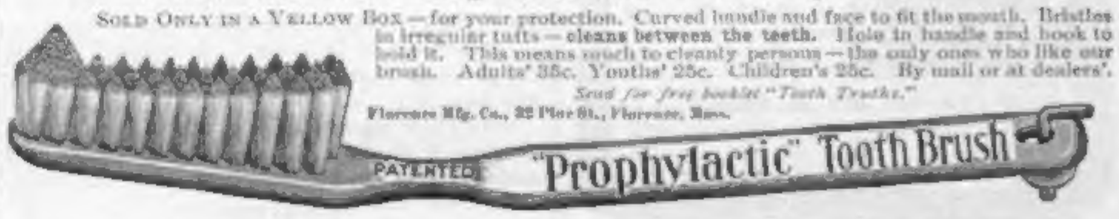
Mandolin, Banjo

I have a hook to hang on and am sold in a yellow box

SOLD ONLY IN A YELLOW BOX—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush. Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers'.

Send for free booklet "Tooth Truths."

Florence Mfg. Co., 22 Pine St., Florence, Mass.



"A Barrel of Monkeys"

could not afford more fun than our new puzzle,

"The Changing Faces"

It will amuse you and entertain your friends, and keep you puzzling for hours.

Clever, Ingenious, Mysterious

Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

Address Department P

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
GLASTONBURY, CT.
PROPRIETORS OF
WILLIAMS' FAMOUS SHAVING SOAPS

HUNT NON-RUSTABLE CLUBS

Made of a metal which is absolutely unaffected by moisture or atmospheric conditions.

WRITE FOR CATALOG OF FINE GOLF GOODS

HUNT FACTORY
WESTBORO, MASS.

"Shannon" filing cabinets—

The Shannon Filing Cabinets—large and small—provide a perfect system for the filing of letters, orders, records, or any papers—with the advantages of immediate reference, security from loss or disarrangement, and a perfect transfer system. A catalogue of this (No. 30 P) or any of our labor-saving office devices will be mailed to any one.

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y.
New York, 380 Broadway. Chicago, 188 Wabash Ave.
San Francisco. Philadelphia. St. Louis.
Baltimore. Pittsburg. Cleveland.

The Path Master

(Concluded from Page 3)

There was a silence, then the same voice: "Be yew calculatin' tew mosey, Dan McCloud?"

"You had better stay where you are," said McCloud; "I'm armed."

"Ye be?" replied a new voice; "then come aout o' that or we'll snake ye aout!"

Byram began moving toward the house, shotgun raised.

"Stop!" cried McCloud, jumping to his feet.

But Byram came on, gun leveled, and McCloud retreated to his front door.

"Give it to him!" shouted the Game Warden; "shoot his windows out!" There was a flash from the road and a load of buckshot crashed through the window overhead.

Before the echoes of the report died away McCloud's voice was heard again, calmly warning them back. Something in his voice arrested the general advance.

"He's no good!" said the Warden distinctly. Byram crept through the picket fence and lay close, hugging his shotgun.

"I tell you I intend to pay my taxes," cried McCloud desperately; "don't force me to shoot!" The sullen rage was rising; he strove to crush it back, to think of the little Path Master. "For God's sake, go back!" he pleaded hoarsely.

Suddenly Byram started running toward the house, and McCloud clapped his rifle to his cheek and fired. Four flashes from the road answered his shot, but Byram was down in the grass screaming, and McCloud had vanished into his house.

Charge after charge of buckshot tore through the flimsy clapboards.

After a while no more shots were fired, and presently a voice broke out in the stillness:

"Be you layin' low, or be you dead, Dan McCloud?"

There was no answer.

"Or be you playin' foxy possum," continued the voice, with nasal rising inflection.

Byram began to groan and crawl toward the road.

"Let him alone," he moaned; "let him alone. He's got grit if he hain't got nothin' else."

"Air yew done for?" demanded Tansey.

"No, no," groaned Byram, "I'm just winged. He done it, an' he was right. Didn't he say he'd pay his taxes? He's plum right."

Byram's voice ceased; Tansey mounted the dark slope peering among the brambles.

"Whar be ye, Byram?" he bawled.

But it was ten minutes before he found the young man, quite dead, in the long grass.

With an oath Tansey flung up his gun and drove a charge of buckshot crashing through the front door. The door quivered; the last echoes of the shot died out; silence followed.

Then the shattered door swung open slow, and McCloud reeled out, still clutching his rifle. He tried to raise it; he could not, and it fell clattering. Tansey covered him with his shotgun, cursing him fiercely. "Up with them hands o' your'n!" he snarled; but McCloud only muttered and began to rock and sway in the doorway.

Tansey came up to him, shotgun in hand. "Yew hev done fur Byram," he said.

McCloud, leaning against the sill, looked at him with heavy eyes.

"It's well enough for you," he muttered; "you are only a savage; but Byram went to college—and so did I—and we're nothing but savages like you, after all—nothing but savages ——"

He collapsed and slid to the ground.

"I want to see the Path Master!" he cried.

A shadow fell across the shot-riddled door, snow-white in the moonshine.

"She's here," said the Game Warden.

But McCloud had started talking and muttering to himself.

Toward midnight the whippoorwill began a breathless calling from the garden. McCloud opened his eyes.

"Who is that?" he asked irritably.

"He's looney," whispered Tansey.

The little Path Master knelt beside him. He stared at her stonily.

"It is I," she whispered.

"Is it you, little Path Master?" he said in an altered voice. Then something came into his filmy eyes which she knew was a smile.

"I wanted to tell you," he began, "I will work out my taxes—somewhere—for you ——"

The Path Master hid her white face in her hands. Presently the collie dog came and laid his head on her shoulder.

(THE END)

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

High-Water Mark
In firearms has been attained only in the famous

IVER JOHNSON
Revolvers and Guns

Absolutely Safe. Accidental Discharge Impossible
32 or 38 Caliber. 5-Shot Chamber
3-in. Barrel. Nickel-Plated Finish

Hammer, $4.50 *Small extra charge for 4-in., 5-in. or 6-in. barrel, or blued finish.*
Hammerless, 5.50

If your local dealer can't supply you, we will send either style to any address in the U. S., prepaid, cash with order.

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works
Fitchburg, Mass., U. S. A.
Manufacturers of the well-known Iver Johnson Bicycles, Guns and Revolvers.
New York Salesrooms, 99 Chambers Street
ESTABLISHED 1871. CATALOGUES FREE.

TOILET PAPER
LIKE SATIN

A.P.W. BRAND

3000-Sheet Rolls
Guaranteed Full Count

Better Quality Cannot be Made

FOR SALE BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS

A Year's Supply for the average family, delivered to any point in the United States reached by express, For $1.00

SEND FOR OUR UNIQUE BOOKLET AND SAMPLES

A. P. W. PAPER CO., 28 Colonie St., Albany, N. Y.

Marlin

Repeaters

are the original solid top and side ejectors. This feature forms a solid shield of metal between the shooter's head and the cartridge at all times, throws the empties away from him instead of into his face, prevents smoke and gases from entering his eyes and lungs, and keeps the line of sight unobstructed. The MARLIN action works easily and smoothly, making very little noise. Our new automatic recoil-operating locking device makes the Marlin the safest breech-loading gun ever built. 120-page catalogue, 300 illustrations, cover in nine colors, mailed for three stamps.

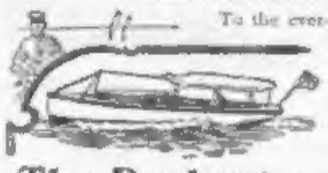
The Marlin Fire Arms Co.
New Haven, Conn.

"CASTLE COPAL"

THIS BUILDING IS UNIQUE. THERE IS NO OTHER LIKE IT ON EARTH. IT IS BUILT OF FOSSIL GUMS, OF WHICH VARNISH IS MADE, AND STANDS RIGHT OPPOSITE THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO. BE SURE AND VISIT CASTLE COPAL—YOU WILL FIND MANY THINGS OF INTEREST THERE.

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited
The Varnish Manufacturers

Quality and Safety
REGARDLESS OF COST

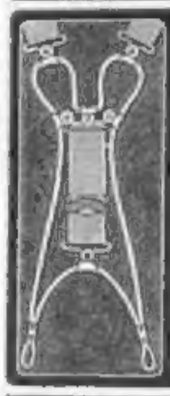


To the ever-increasing number of those who seek pleasure afloat, the two most important essentials are simplicity and safety, and no true economy exists where one or the other are sacrificed.

The Rochester Gas Engine

represents the highest possible type of marine engine for large or small pleasure boats. It contains many absolutely distinctive features embodied in no other Marine Motor. Among them is our patented **Speed Lever**, which at all times controls the speed of the boat and allows it to be **Slowed Down** to any degree of speed. Also our **Special Reversing Gear**, which instantly reverses the engine without shock, vibration or strain, and permits screw to revolve independently on an auxiliary sail boat with the least possible resistance. Before purchasing, write for our handsome illustrated catalog. Investigate and compare.

ROCHESTER GAS ENGINE CO., Dept. A, Rochester, N. Y.



In Principle and Practice the
PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

Is superior to any suspender made. Every pair guaranteed. The genuine has "President" on the buckles. Trimmings can not rust. 50c. everywhere, or by mail.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 281, Shirley, Mass.

The Misses Shipley's School for Girls
PREPARATORY TO BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

Bryn Mawr, Pa. Ten miles from Philadelphia. Number limited. Individual attention. Athletic and outdoor life.

An Education Without Cost

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course (all expenses paid) in any college or conservatory in the country, in return for work done for the magazine. If you are interested, send a line addressed to The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia

Mrs. Dorr's School for Girls
317 and 319 West 108th St.,
adjoining Riverside Drive, New York
MRS. DORR, MISS MILLER } Principals.

Are You Deaf?
We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing
Sent on approval. Write for catalogue.
WM. V. WILLIS & CO. 134 South 11th Street, Philadelphia

Mastering Business Details

is difficult if you must depend on the average accounting system in vogue in most business offices. Our business is to eliminate cumbersome methods by applying

Baker-Vawter Business Systems

by which office work is simplified to such an extent that the head of a firm is able to know the condition of affairs at the close of each business day. Please write for pamphlet "General Expense," explaining our business.

Baker-Vawter Company, - 141 Washington Street, Chicago.

Accountants, Auditors, Devisers of Business Systems—Manufacturers.
Branches in all principal cities.

EDUCATION IS A STRONG FOUNDATION

There never was a time in the history of the world when employers were so eager to get young men of brains, or when the opportunities for such were so great. But it is to trained, educated men that the rewards and responsibilities go. Many young men are prevented by adverse circumstances from getting as complete an education as they desire. To all such the **American School of Correspondence** offers an unprecedented opportunity to supplement their early education without interfering with their present occupation.

Free Scholarships

To introduce the high standard of the School, the Trustees voted a short time ago to award a limited number of Free Scholarships in

Mechanical, Electrical
Stationary
Marine or Locomotive Engineering,
Heating, Ventilation, Plumbing,
Mechanical Drawing

Young men wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity will do well to apply at once as the number of scholarships is about exhausted. Applications will be considered in the order received. The School also offers short special courses in Arithmetic, Mensuration, Algebra and Geometry.

Send for Handbook and Descriptive Pamphlets.

American School of Correspondence
(Chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts)
BOSTON, MASS.

LIBBY'S

Summer Luncheon Foods

Meet every requisite of the impromptu, or hot weather meal. Susceptible of preparation in many dainty and appetizing ways. Our book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," can be had for the asking, and, together with the Libby products, helps to put variety into Summer living.

LIBBY'S ATLAS OF THE WORLD
With 32 new maps, size 8 x 11 inches.
A practical home atlas, sent to any address for 10 two-cent stamps.

Libby, McNeill & Libby-Chicago

Enjoy the Season's Delicacies with

Ramona and Athena Sugar Wafers

Tempting dainties to serve with fruits and ices.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

CONNECTICUT, Brookfield Center.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS

Of successful development under the hands of the founders.
Of supreme love for the work, and independence of outside dictation.
Of cumulative experience and growing ideals and standards for the development of a boy's life into a man's.
Of study of individual capacities and dispositions, and adaptation of methods.
This is **The Curtis School** for 20 boys. Our book will reveal possibilities for your boy of which you have not thought.

$500. No new boy taken older than 13 years.

FREDERICK S. CURTIS, Principal

Peekskill Military Academy

PEEKSKILL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

68th Year begins September 16th. Prepares for Colleges and Government Schools. Thorough business course. U. S. Army Officer detailed by War Department. New and fully equipped Gymnasium. For *illustrated catalogue*, apply to

THE PRINCIPALS

PRINCETON
Preparatory School

Improvements and new buildings give double capacity. A limited number of boys, 15 years old and upward, prepared for Princeton or any college or scientific school. Excellence in athletics. Thoroughness in scholarship. High standards in conduct. Catalogue.

JOHN B. FINE, Head Master, Princeton, N. J.

Thorough, scientific course by mail, adapted to individual needs. Long established. Responsible. Successful. Practical. Instructors experienced and competent. Editors of 4 popular publications. Our students' contributions given preference at liberal rates. Students successful and pleased. Descriptive catalogue free. Address

JOURNALISM

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, No. 132 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Kirkwood Military Academy

Boarding school for boys and young men. Prepares for college or for business. Large, beautiful grounds. Twentieth school year begins September 18th. *Send for Catalogue.*

COL. EDWARD A. HAIGHT, Kirkwood, Mo.

Learn to Sketch, Letter, Design or Illustrate

BY MAIL for newspapers, magazines, commercial purposes. Classes also in N.Y. PRACTICAL teaching, successful students, reasonable terms, well known teachers. Write for free catalogue or call.

N. Y. School of Illustrating
114 West 34th St., New York

LASELL SEMINARY

For Young Women, Auburndale, Mass.

Of the Lasell Catalogue one critic writes: *"It presents more right ideas about education in general, and the best development of girls in particular, than any such book I have ever examined. Of your marvelous success in reducing those ideas to practice, you already know my opinion."* Student life at Lasell is happy, healthy, earnest, and parents agree it is in all ways profitable for their daughters.

Write for catalogue.

C. C. BRAGDON, Principal
Auburndale, Mass.

Swarthmore Preparatory School

Swarthmore, Penn.

THIS co-educational Friends' school has enjoyed a remarkable patronage owing to its many advantages of situation, and to its high educational ideals. Its excellent equipment is being further improved by the construction of a fine cottage, a fine dormitory, a first-class gymnasium (both of stone), and improved athletic grounds. Its mental, moral and physical atmospheres are all wholesome. Athletics are encouraged *and successful*. Cottage system. Terms moderate. For illustrated catalogue and athletic circular, address

ARTHUR H. TOMLINSON, *Principal.*

AIM!

We place strong emphasis on this word here! There is no feeling at random. Every boy is urged to point to a definite goal and work hard for success. *Our* aim is to so direct his efforts that all his latent talents and power may be developed. No compromise on liquor, boxing or tobacco. Class methods cultivate *observation, concentration and grasp.*

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

gives three courses, Scientific, Classical and English. For catalogue address

Rev. T. H. LANDON, A.M., Principal.
Major T. D. LANDON, Commandant.
Bordentown, N. J.

Haverford College Grammar School

Nine miles from Philadelphia. A Boarding School emphasizing the best influence of the home. Numbers limited. Thorough in instruction. Complete in equipment. Prepares for any college or technical school. Illustrated circular on application.

CHARLES S. CROSMAN, Head Master, Haverford, Pa.

INCREASE YOUR

OPPORTUNITIES

We are preparing thousands in all parts of the world, in their spare time, to increase their incomes and opportunities. Our method of teaching technical subjects **BY MAIL** enables our students to earn good salaries while learning Civil, Mechanical or Electrical Engineering or Architecture. Our booklet—

SALARIED POSITIONS for Learners

explains our plan. We also teach by mail **Steam Engineering; Drawing; Chemistry; Telegraphy; Teaching; Stenography; Book-keeping; English Branches.** State subject in which interested.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Schools open all summer. Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

Riverview Academy

Develops the manly side of boys' characters by military drill, out-door sports, well-bred society and earnest study. Classical, Scientific and Business Courses. It has the buildings, equipments, methods and location to make its students successful. For illustrated catalogue, address

J. B. BISBEE, A. M., Principal
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PENMANSHIP

SELF TAUGHT. The Palmer method of Muscular Movement writing teaches any one rapid, common-sense, business writing at home. No failures. An unbroken record of phenomenal success. Easy to learn. Aids to a better position. **88 Lessons postpaid 25 cents.** These complete lessons and in addition newspaper illustration, off-hand flourishing, ornamental writing, automatic lettering and illustrations from famous penmen, with a year's subscription to that beautiful 32-page monthly, **The Western Penman**, for one year, on receipt of only $1.00. Money refunded if you are not delighted and wonderfully benefited. *Circulars and sample copy of Penman free.* Address

The Western Penman Publishing Co., C, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The University Preparatory School
Ithaca N.Y.

Prepares for all courses of Cornell University. Certificate has been accepted since 1885. **Boarding and Day Departments. Complete Home.** Regent's Certificates in **Law** and **Medicine.** **Summer Term** from July 16 to Sept. 15. **Fall Term** opens Sept. 26 for year 1903-'04.

Of the school, **President Schurman** says: "I give most cheerful testimony to the high quality of work done in your school. The excellent management and complete curriculum render it a most desirable preparatory school for the University."

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Headmaster, Avenue E, Ithaca, N. Y.

ILLUSTRATING
TAUGHT BY CORRESPONDENCE

Also Newspaper Sketching, Designing, etc. Best Methods. Prepares quickly for Paying Work. Personal Instruction and guidance. Adapted to all. Students enthusiastic. Easy terms. Largest and Most Practical School. Incorporated.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
Write for particulars 14 S. Penn St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

ITHACA, N. Y., HIGH SCHOOL
(Cornell's Largest Fitting School)

Gets its students from England, Russia, Italy, Ireland, Brazil, Cuba, Porto Rico, Canada, Mexico, thirty-one (31) States, and from twenty-four (24) counties in N. Y. State. Has won 61 State and 12 University scholarships in 7 years. Sends 40 to 60 students annually to Cornell. Tuition, $15 for 40 weeks. Free text-books. Gymnasium. 7-acre athletic field. Both sexes. Registration, 650. Fall term begins Sept. 9. For catalog, address

F. D. BOYNTON, M. A., Principal

Utica, N.Y. **Conservatory of Music**

EDWARD B. FLECK and ROBERT J. HUGHES, Directors

Music in all its branches, Elocution, Languages, English Literature, Drawing, Painting, Physical Culture, Dancing, etc. Faculty of distinguished specialists. **Unsurpassed advantages for Year Courses.** Send for new catalogue. Address

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Utica, N. Y.

EASTMAN
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Thoroughly trains young men and women for business and obtains positions. Instruction by mail or in person. *Expenses low. For Catalogue address as*

C. C. GAINES, President, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Fine Art Toilet Soap

Exquisite Quality
Flower-like Fragrance

10¢ cake
25¢ box

· Armour & Company · · Chicago ·